JOHN BULL, JUNE 4, 1932

CHEQUES FOR FLOOD VICTIMS SEE PAGE 28

TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1355.

JOHN BULL

You feel you've had something worth drinking

when you've had a

GUINNESS

GUINNESS FOR STRENGTH

G.E. 280 C.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY.
COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Children's Vests, 4/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS 1 THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time: every kind: good profits: 200-page Catalogue free.—May (178), George St., Birmingham.

80-PAGE WHOLESALE Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and Repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest Prices. All Depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co (L. & H.) Ltd., 7 Trinity St., Leeds.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Necklets, etc.: inexpensive: wonderful value: good profits: parties, free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO., 66, King Street, Huddersfield.

SAFETY Razor Blades, Leading Makes, at Keenest Prices. Send for List and Save £ s. d.—M. Radnan, 6, Stockport Rd., Ardwick, M'chester.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS. Beautiful coloured cat., nearly 200 pages, free. No outlay. Free Gift every agent.—F. J. Tate, 26, Neville St., Leeds.

AGENTS. Form Oak Club now for Xmas. Choc., Toys, Cutlery, Watches, Fancy Goods, etc. Big Cash Comm. Catalogues free.—OAK CLUBS, 123E, Oak Lane, Bradford.

FREE Gift all enquirers. XMAS AGENTS wtd. Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, enquirers. Original Tate Xmas Club (Dept. J.B.), Dock St., Leeds.

AGENTS wanted to form Weekly Clubs. Large selection Personal and Household Goods. Big Cash Bonus. Postages paid. Particulars from PULLAN'S DIRECT SUPPLY CO., LTD., 209, Kirkstall Road, Leeds.

EATONIAN XMAS CLUB again leads for Value, Variety, Service and Highest Possible Comm. Chocs., Cigs., Fancy Goods, Toys, etc. Free Gifts every Agent. Huge Cash Prize. Send P.C. for 200-page Art Catlg. No Outlay.—Eaton & Co. (Dept. A), Lower Wortley, Leeds.

THERE IS NO EASIER WAY OF INCREASING YOUR INCOME than by handling our Packet Teas. The standout quality will enable you to create a ready sale to your friends at wholesale prices. Special terms to those in large works. Write to-day for particulars, MORNSIDE TEA CO., Kingsley House, Harp Lane, London, E.C.3.

HENRYS STORES, Market St., MANCHESTER, offer generous commission to Club organisers. Our new Catalogue (free on request) illustrates hundreds of household bargains. Send to Dept. B.

£2 BONUS and HALF PROFIT. Representatives wanted everywhere. 1/- Lines sell like wildfire, and repeats come to you. Full partics, Free samples.—Swaffer, Quakers Friars, Bristol.

SEND to-day for Regent Xmas Club Illus. Cat. (Free). Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, Cutlery, etc. Highest cash comm. Gifts to agents.—Regent Confec. Co., 4, Stanningley, Leeds.

FREE. A Handsome Present to all who run our Xmas Club. Chocs., Cigs., Toys, etc. Fine Catalogue. Splendid terms. — Dept. B.57, GARNETT & HALLMEY, Ltd., GRIMSBY.

ORGANISERS WANTED.—Famous HIGHCO CLUB Requires Organisers who can appoint Agents for 1/- weekly clubs. You will be paid at the high rate of £1 for every active Agent you appoint. You can make this a spare time or full time occupation. Many of our Organisers are earning £6 weekly for this highly-paid work. —Write to-day for full particulars of this genuine offer to HIGHAM CAINE & CO., LTD., CHORLTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

AGENTS and House-to-House Canvassers. Wonderful new 6d. line. Sells at sight. Big profits. Send 3d. for sample and terms.—PENN, Dept. X, 662, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

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MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 8, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

BUY British Hosiery w'sale to sell again. 60% profit. Any quantity. Cat. free.—Trunit Hosiery Co., Textile Exch., St Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

BE A MASTER OF ENGLISH. Increase earning power. Booklet free. — REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 327D), Palace Gate, W.8.

EARN £3—£6 WEEKLY as a certificated Bookkeeper. Expert postal tuition. Fee 6/- monthly. Free Employment Bureau. Success assured. Guide FREE.—C. C. COLLEGE (D9), 23, Coleman Street, London, E.C. (Estd. 1903.)

THE MACHINE THAT MAKES MONEY! Put pounds in your pocket by getting an "Adana," a real money-maker for ambitious men. Read about it on page 3.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60.—Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/6. Handbills, Cards, Posters. Equally as Cheap. Samples free.—Pearsons, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/9 per 1,000. Samples of printing for all trades sent for 3d. postage. Meads, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

10,000 HANDBILLS, £1; 5,000, 11/6; 7½ in. x 5 in.; 1,000 Business Cards, 6/6. Carriage Free. BARRON BROS., 5, Camden St., LIVERPOOL.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52 TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS, from Mills, from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns, post free.—Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Rd., Manchester.

JAYS offer their BARGAIN CATALOGUE OF MODERN FURNITURE in the large advt. on this page. Simply fill in the coupon for your free copy.

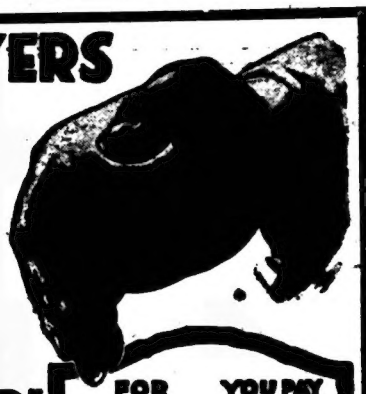
THE FAMOUS "Amprico" Watches for Men now obtainable for 1/- down. See advertisement on foot of page facing.

SELFRIDGE'S offer a CHROMIUM PLATED TOURIST CYCLE on easy payments on page 14. Write for ILLUSTRATED LIST and mention *John Bull* when writing.

FURNITURE BUYERS

JAYS WELCOME YOU

ON THESE TERMS -BEST IN THE WORLD!



FOR VALUE	YOU PAY MONTHLY
£10	6/-
£20	8/-
50	20/-
100	40/-
250	100/-

"OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT" WITH EVERY CONFIDENCE

OAK BEDROOM SUITE

HANDSOMELY GRAINED

£8:17:6

JAYS FURNISHING STORES

248, 249, 250, Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1

Oxford St. End. 'Phone: Mus. 2483

It pays to deal with the private company who make customers' interests their first consideration

OVER 130 BRANCHES *including*

CHELSEA ..... 363, Fulham Road, S.W.10
CROYDON ..... 5, London Road
225, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.1
343-347, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.5
CLAPHAM ..... 59, 61, 63, High St., S.W.4
BOW ..... 165, Bow Road, E.3
HOLLOWAY ..... 102, Holloway Road, N.7
ELEPHANT & CASTLE..96-97, London Rd.,S.E.1
PALMERS GREEN.....35, Green Lanes, N.13
STOKE NEWINGTON....88-90, High Street, N.
STRATFORD.....379-381, High Street, E.15
CRICKLEWOOD.....140, Broadway, N.W.2
HAMMERSMITH.....120, King Street, W.6
WIMBLEDON.....61, Broadway, S.W.19
THORNTON HEATH.....59, High Street
PADDINGTON.....202, Harrow Road, W.2
KING'S CROSS.....212, Caledonian Rd., N.1
UPTON PARK.....361, Green Street, E.13
PADDINGTON.....219, Shirland Rd., W.9
WHITECHAPEL....223, Whitechapel Rd., E.1
WATFORD.....35-37, The Parade, High St.
WOKING..... 11, The Broadway
NORTHAMPTON ..... 23, Gold Street
EXETER ..... 104, Fore Street
TAUNTON ..... 59, East Street
PLYMOUTH ..... 8/9, The Octagon
CHESTER ..... 32, Bridge Street
NORWICH ..... 31, St. Stephen's Street
STOKE-ON-TRENT ..... 44, High Street

Please send your latest Catalogue of Modern Furniture to :—

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

..... Dept J.B.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Grey Heather, etc., 3/4 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds, Egerton Burnetts W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS. Specially selected Free Book Wallpapers will cover your requirements.—Eclipse Wallpapers Shields Road, Newcastle-Tyne.

READERS' attention is drawn to the SHAVEX, ZEEKOL and DOGE CREAM offers on the Back Cover of this issue. By cutting out the special coupon in the SHAVEX advt, you can obtain a three weeks' supply of SHAVEX, the modern shaving method, a SHAVEX RAZOR and two wonderful Blades, all for 1/-. Do not forget to write your name and address and attach P.O. to coupon. A free sample of DOGE CREAM will also be sent on receipt of the coupon appearing in another part of the advt. together with a 2d. stamp.

HARD-WEARING TROUSERS for 4/- per pair—one of the money-saving offers shown in *John Bull's* "Shop Window," facing this page.

FLOOR-COVERING comes cheaper by laying British-made "Tri-noleum." Lies flat without tacks, damp-proof, rot-proof. Rolls 2 yd. wide of 108 sq. ft. for 14/6 only. Send the coupon on page facing for free pattern pieces.

A NEW patented non-slip buckle is the latest feature now fitted to "BOLENIUM" SUPER-OVERALLS for men. This is announced in the advt. on page 28.

FREE. Fill in the coupon in the HACKNEY FURNISHING CO.'S advt. on page 23 for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and full particulars of their easy terms and unique Free Insurance plan. Their unrivalled protection policy provides that in cases of illness or accident, instalments are paid for you. Send the coupon now.

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.

Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

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GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6; Kits, parts or sets, 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentshill, 120, Old St., Ldn, EC1.

GUITARS, Piano Accordians, Concertinas, Jazz, Grames., Saxophones, Mandolins, Ukuleles, Banjos. Terms.—Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich.

WIRELESS.

FREE. A luxury wireless set or components of equivalent value. Wonderful offer to introduce the Radialaddin Club (Dpt. J.B.), 47-48, Berners St., London, W.1. Mus. 1831. Write for particulars.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA. EMPIRE BLENDED, at pre-duty prices and quality. 4 lbs. 4/8. Carr. paid. Agents wnid.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, West Ham.

TEA Wholesale, 9d. lb. in 60 lb. Chests, 10 lb. 8/6. Best 2/- Tea 10 lb. 12/6. Carr. and Stamps, free.—SIZER, 182/84, Roman Road, Bow, E.3.

A SAMPLE packet of TY-PHOO TEA is offered in the advt. on page 24. Simply send a 1½d. stamp with your name and address, mentioning *John Bull*.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 70 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers send 2/- for parcel on appro (bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridvard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Sp. 3d.

PSORIASIS. ECZEMA.—Our New Scientific Remedy kills these irritating Skin Diseases completely while you sleep. Immediate relief. Send for Free Booklet, Ridalex (Chemists), Ltd., Dept. J., 242, Lytham Road, Blackpool, S.S.

RHEUMATISM. A real remedy at last! Tested and tried. New discovery, astonishing results. "Niapon" Tablets, 1/3 per bottle, with full directions, post free. Direct from THE LABORATORY, 680, Romford Road, LONDON, E.12, or any Chemist.

A FREE sample of "NOSTROLINE" for CATARRH is offered in the advt. on page 21.

A TESTING box of "KOTALKO" for promoting hair growth is offered in the advt. on page 14.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co. 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
Give yourself a treat.
Improved flavours. Buy DUKE'S.

£650 IN CASH PRIZES—£250 First, and 267 other cash prizes for supplying a title to the picture in the ANDREWS LIVER SALT advt. on page 13. You can send in any number of entries, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper giving your name and address in block letters, accompanied by the paper disc from either size tin of ANDREWS LIVER SALT. Closing date, Saturday, June 18. For further particulars see advt.

READERS' attention is drawn to POTTER & MOORE'S MITCHAM LAVENDER POWDER CREAM announcement on page 22. A mirror is included in the dainty jar of this marvellous combined powder and cream, and it costs only 1/-. Obtainable in all shades.

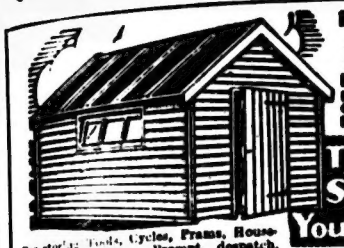
POST your films to WILL R. ROSE, whose advt. appears on page 31. Write for illustrated list "J.B." and particulars of the new "MAGNA" Print.

FREE. Women readers can obtain a de luxe beauty outfit of TOKALON SKIN FOODS for day and night use by sending 3d. in stamps to cover postage, etc., to the address in the advt. on page 26.

MAKE your own beer and save money. Turn to the "VIGGORMALT" advt. on page 34.

A FREE official guide on an ideal holiday which can be spent at LYTHAM ST. ANNES can be obtained on application to Town Hall, Dept. T., Lytham St. Annes. See L.M.S. advt. on page 31.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER. A large tin of FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA WITH EGGS will be sent to readers who fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 27. Attach a 1½d. stamp—pin it, do not stick it—to the coupon, to cover cost of postage, etc. Send this in an envelope, which must be sealed, to J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., Malted Milk Dept., 8, Union Street, Bristol. Try this perfect British-made drink to-day by accepting this free offer.



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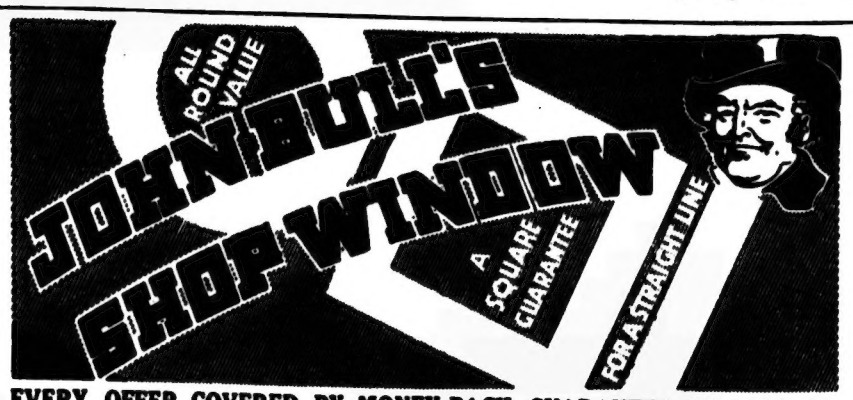
	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
Long. Wide. High.			
6 ft. x 4 ft. x 6½ ft.	£3 0 0	10/6	5/6
6 ft. x 6 ft. x 6½ ft.	£4 11 0	15/11	8/4
8 ft. x 6 ft. x 7½ ft.	£6 7 6	22/4	11/8

10 ft. x 7 ft. x 7½ ft. ..

BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings Free.

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top, Ribbon Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 40-42, Oxford St.



EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 14.

THE MACHINE THAT MAKES MONEY!

Start a Profitable Business Printing for local Tradesmen, Cinema Proprietors, etc. There is a Huge Weekly Demand for Printed Material which you could easily produce in your Spare Time. My Wonderful All-Steel Adana Machine prints anything from a Chemist's Label to an Illustrated Magazine. **Special Easy Payment Terms.** Send for Free details and Samples of actual work produced.

45/-

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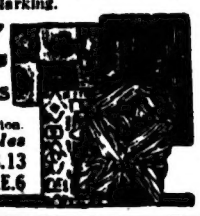
COVER YOUR FLOORS WITH BROADOLEUM

Suitable for Wood, Stone and all Floors. Lies perfectly flat. Requires no fixing. Damp and Rot proof. Non-Staining. Non-Marking.



108 SQ. FT. 15/-

EQUALS 12 SQ. YARDS Larger Lengths pro rata. Carr. Paid to any railway station.

Send for Range free Samples

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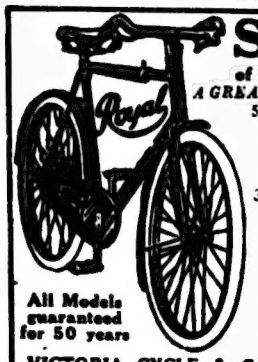

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of ROYAL Cycles. *A GREAT OPPORTUNITY*

5-Guinea Models for **59/6** (or 5/6 monthly)

3-Speed Model de Luxe for **79/6** (or 7/6 monthly).

Numerous other models at similar reductions.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

All Models guaranteed for 50 years

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO., (Dept. S.170) 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

With each Sale a lovely Wadded **QUILT FREE!**

2 Woolly Blankets	80x60
2 Strong Sheets	80x60
2 Pillow Slips	30x18
1 Bolster Case	55x18
1 Artistic Bedspread	80x60
2 Good Glass Cloths	
2 Turkish Towels	
1 Damask Table Cloth	
1 Lady's Overall	
1 pr. Art. Silk Stockings	
2 Chamois Polishers	
1 Pretty Cushion Cover	
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs	

CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D.

Money back guarantee

£250 Free Insurance for every Customer.

PRINCESS BEDDING CO., Dept. O.A.169, Princess Street, Manchester.

The LANSARD

RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER

Guaranteed to Sharpen. NOTHING TO GET OUT OF ORDER

WILL LAST A LIFETIME.

Don't throw your razor blades away after a few shaves, get months of satisfactory service out of every one by sharpening with a Lansard Sharpener. This handy and inexpensive instrument both hones and grinds . . . it keeps ordinary two-edged blades constantly sharp. British made, and saves its cost in a week or two. Send P.O. value 1/6, or write for full details, giving name of your local ironmonger.

1/3

Post Free 1/5

LANSARD TOOL Co., 216, Goswell Rd., London, E.C.1.

SATISFACTION OR FREE GIFT of 1/-

Think of it. For one week only, simply to advertise our catalogue, we are offering a pair of guaranteed hard wearing trousers at practically cost price, viz.: 4/- per pair. These are fast grey with a neat stripe and made of practically unbreakable material and we guarantee to replace should they fail to please. Send for a pair now, and if you are not completely satisfied with your bargain, we undertake not only to refund your money, but will give you 1/- as a recompense for your disappointment. Send to-day as this opportunity may not occur again. State size (28 in. to 40 in. waist) 42 in. to 46 in. 1/- extra. Stock sizes only.

4/-

Postage on 1 or 2 pair 9d. or (C.O.D.)

CUTTALL, 1 Goodmayes, ILFORD.

PARAMOUNT STORES — PAYS — LARGEST COMMISSION

£6 EASILY EARNED ON A 20 WEEK CLUB

CLUBS FROM 6D WEEKLY

COMMISSION

Bedding, Furniture, Boots and Shoes, Carpets, Clothing and Household Goods.

20/-

DONT DELAY SEND TO-DAY

Post card Brings All Particulars.

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'PARAMOUNT' LEADS the way for values and pays highest COMMISSION

1,000 NEW AGENTS WANTED IMMEDIATELY TO FORM CLUBS

No Outlay or Experience Required. Regular Income Easily Earned.

PARAMOUNT STORES (Dept. J.B 14) P.O. BOX 34, ASHTON-U-LYNE, LANCS.

50,000 Yards CASEMENT CURTAINING 1D.

LACE NETS CRETONNES

BUY DIRECT.

Actual Samples of plain Hemstitched, Inserted, Guaranteed Fadeless Cretonnes, Reps, Nets, Poplins, Satins, Stripes, Artificial Silks, Multi Stripes, etc.

P.C. BRINGS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE ALSO POST FREE

72 Coloured Illustrations Lovely Cretonnes.

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From 3D. Yard

CRETONNES and FADELESS CASEMENT with a GUARANTEE

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CASEMENT MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. J.B.12), P.O. BOX 46, MANCHESTER.

"South Western" HUTS & GARAGES

AND SECTIONAL BUILDINGS — ALL KINDS.

GARAGES:

10' x 7' ... £6.12.0

15' x 9' ... £12.1.0

HUTS:

6' x 5' ... £3.16.0

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12' x 7' ... £8.11.0

7" Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

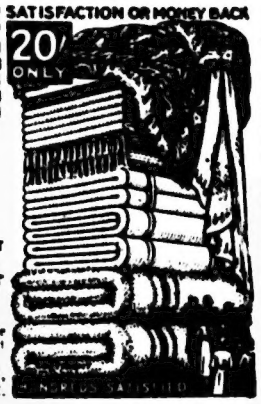
CARRIAGE PAID

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), Ltd., Dept. J. High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771

REAL VALUE! SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK



2 Woolly Blankets	80x60
2 Strong Sheets	80x60
2 White Pillow Slips	30x18
1 White Bolster Case	58x20
1 Art. Bedspread	80x60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
1 Damask Table Cloth	
2 Check Glass Cloths	
2 Chamois Pouishers	
1 Pr. Art. Silk Stockings	
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs	
1 Lady's Printed Overall	

Carr. Free. **20/-** Cash or C.O.D.

FREE GIFT of a handsome wadded DOWN QUILT with each Sale and surprise pkg. value ... to first order received to-day.

PATON MILL Co., Dept. C.2, Paton St., MANCHESTER.

WORTH DOUBLE!

2 PAIRS MEN'S HOSE FREE

TO ADVERTISE OUR CATALOGUE

Special Slump Bargain! Men's black weather-resisting shoes, uppers treble stitched. Extra stout Rubber Soles and heels moulded to uppers, guaranteed to withstand all weathers. Wide and medium fitting, extremely pliable, giving perfect comfort. Each pair laced. A long-wearing shoe, ideal for both town and country.

5/6

Sizes 5 to 11, special price 5/6, post 9d. Worth double. Also in Tan 6d. extra. C.O.D. if preferred. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ROSE BROS. (Dept. J.B.) 89, CHURCH ST., CROYDON

BABY-CLOTHES

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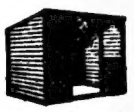

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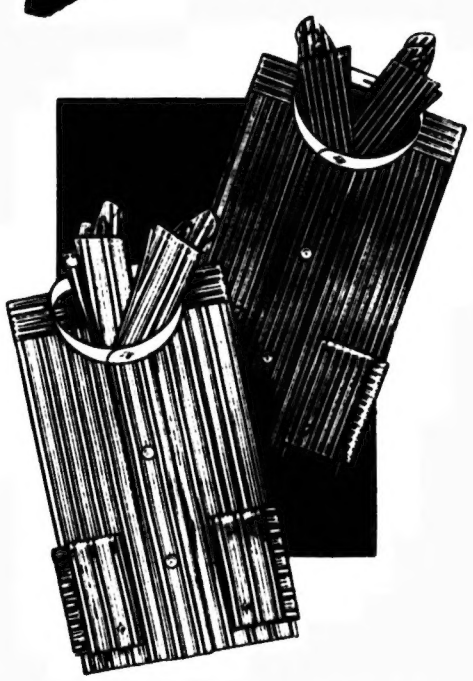

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AN appalling traffic in unwanted babies is going on to-day, and as the law now stands nothing can be done to end it.

There are, incredible as it may seem, unscrupulous people all over the country who make a substantial living by dealing in babies as casually as if they were bales of merchandise and as heartlessly as if they were slaves.

Some operate individually in a modest way; others form themselves into societies with pretentious aims and objects. But in neither case are they under any obligation to register or to give a proper account of themselves.

The baby-farmers, whom we have more than once denounced, are bad enough. They play the part of foster parents—at a price.

But this new aspect of profiteering in unwanted infants is much worse. For the baby trader can operate on a much bigger scale, and not only charges a fee for taking the unwanted child, but extracts still another from those who become its foster-parents.

Only the other day we had the shocking case of the Lincolnshire baby traders, Walter and Mary Field, who secured control of six little mites and when one of them died mysteriously had the body consigned to the river.

Well might the magistrates, who sentenced these heartless wretches declare that they had never heard of a more discreditable case.

In London alone there are countless bogus baby-adoption offices. There is, in fact, nothing to prevent anyone from taking a room and advertising for children or adopters, and charging fees which are often as high as £150.

The fact that 29,000 children are born to unmarried mothers in the course of a normal year provides these people with a big initial field for exploitation.

BUT, apart from this, unwanted babies are to be found readily enough. They may be the children of separated or divorced parents. They may be orphans left to the mercies of callous relatives or "friends." They may even be children that parents themselves don't want.

The adoption of such children by childless couples, or single women moved by the instinct of motherhood, may be a very worthy thing; and we are well aware that excellent work is being done by reputable societies in finding suitable homes for little ones who pass through their hands.

But the mercenary baby-traders have no such charitable aims. They know they can find plenty of people to pay them to take over a child and others who will buy that child from them. The L.S.D. of the double transaction interests them; the welfare of the child doesn't matter.

So, though the welfare of children should really be the only valid reason for their adoption, this factor is rarely, if ever, considered. Their whole future is invariably clouded by the avarice and selfishness of the adults who traffic in them.

Is it surprising, therefore, that the most revolting cases of cruelty are continually coming to light?

In Glamorganshire recently a woman was sent to jail for offences under the Perjury and Forgery Acts relating to false information given to the Registrar of Births and Deaths.

It was revealed that two dozen children had passed through her hands. Six had to be removed by the parents because of the way in which they were being neglected; six more had actually died while in her "care"; and a further three had been removed for their welfare by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children!

She had frequently been before the court, and yet in spite of her record there was no law to stop her from adopting another child whose death now led to her conviction!

Little bundles of humanity sold as if they were bales of merchandise

The latest aspect of this inhuman bartering of babies is that many aliens are now seeking British children for adoption.

Large numbers of little ones have gone to America in this way, and though many of the purchasers may be actuated by the best intentions, it cannot be too strongly stressed that there can be no guarantee regarding the children's future welfare once they have left our shores.

A REPUTABLE London adoption society recently received a three-figure offer for a three-months-old baby, and when it was learned that the child was to be taken to America the offer was declined. The applicant went elsewhere and secured a child on the same day for £50.

Many of these transactions are of a scandalously casual nature—often being carried through in the space of a few hours.

A member of the West Sussex Public Assistance Committee stated a short time ago that she knew of a baby that had changed hands three times within twenty-four hours!

Surely the question of adoption, which affects a child's whole destiny, should be more carefully weighed than that.

It sounds incredible, but the undesirable foster-parent is the rule and not the exception. We know for a fact that last year one society of unquestionable integrity received no fewer than 7,000 applications from people desirous of adopting one or more children, all of which were refused.

We welcome the Children and Young Persons Bill, which has just passed its third reading.

It provides that local authorities shall be empowered to remove infants kept in unsuitable premises or by unsuitable persons; and it is framed to stop anonymous advertisements offering to undertake the care of infants.

But while this is a step forward, it does not go nearly far enough. Restrictive measures, we contend, cannot be too severe.

Protection, to be adequate, should at least ensure that:

No individual or society should be permitted to arrange for the adoption of children except under licence from the Secretary of State.

No British baby should be handed over to any alien unless satisfactory evidence is forthcoming to show that it will be well cared for.

No individual or society should be allowed to arrange adoptions for profit; and no children should be passed from one home to another unless the fullest records are kept and the adopters are proved to be of satisfactory character.

We strongly urge on our legislators that this Bill should be amended to embrace these points.

Until it is—and baby-trading becomes a criminal offence, as it should be—children will be sold for a price as if they were no better than slaves.

Our Jeremiahs Must Change their Tune

We may want a doctor, but not the undertakers

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER...

THANKS, Mr. Baldwin!

We have said the same thing before.

You have sharply rapped Mr. Ormsby Gore, First Commissioner of Works, over the knuckles for being a Jeremiah.

That rebuff equally applies to other Ministers of Gloom, like Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Sir Thomas Inskip.

Each of these pessimistic prophets seems to be trying to outdo the other in "making Britain's flesh creep."

They must stop it!

We'll do it again

This country, like the rest of the world, may need a doctor, but is far from needing the undertaker.

We have faced our problems squarely before and won through. We can, and will, do so again.

On with the job!

Our Ministers, instead of making glum speeches, could for one thing spend their time more profitably by seeing to it that we are not "left with the baby" at Lausanne.

The United States will want us to resume our war debt payments. Germany and our debtors will not want to resume theirs to us

Our demand must be that unless they pay us, we don't pay America.

Real economy, please

Our Jeremiahs, moreover, must not be allowed to stampede the Cabinet into further false economies.

Pension and similar "cuts" cannot be tolerated What we want is more economy like that being planned at the Admiralty, where routine work is being reduced and senior officers placed on the retired list.

There are scores of similar ways in which sound savings can be effected.

Prejudice

The banks must change their policy. Large numbers of Russian orders for British goods are being refused because the banks will not advance credits for such business.

They even refuse to discount Russian trade bills, which are backed chiefly by the British Government.

While political bias is mixed up with finance in this way, work for the unemployed is thrown away.

Police bungle

Why are receipts not given for police-court fines?

A young man, fined £5 at Romford, Essex, for a minor motoring offence, could pay only £3, but a cheque for the balance was immediately sent by his employer.

Weeks later a policeman arrived to take the young man to prison because, he said, the full fine had not been paid. But he had to change his mind when the cheque was produced—endorsed by the police superintendent.

Why it grows

No wonder Lancashire is having to consider the extension of its asylums at a cost of £40,000.

The army of those confined in mental institutions grows week by week, and largely because, as we have frequently pointed out, many people, particularly children, are wrongly certified.

The Government should hold an immediate inquiry into the whole problem of the insane.

Fatuous folly

Why does the Government object to contributing £138,000 a year to the League of Nations when we are still spending £104,000,000 on the Army, Navy and Air Force?

If only the world's governments gave more effective support to the League this huge sum might be reduced.

Well done!

At least one of our industries is flourishing.

Morris Motors had a net profit of £568,880 last year, while the Austin Motor Company earned nearly half a million pounds, and paid 100 per cent. dividend.

Let us hope our other major industries will soon be able to equal this splendid record, which is particularly cheering in these days of depression.

Worse than Dartmoor

Will the Minister of Health permit the revival of stone-breaking for casuals, suggested by Gloucester Public Assistance Committee?

In prisons this work is reserved only for the worst-behaved criminals. Are unfortunate wayfarers to be treated as harshly?

Mayfair manners

Society manners do not improve.

At a recent Mayfair dance four large notices reminded guests not to leave cigarette ends burning on valuable furniture.

Another fashionable hostess posted a notice in three languages inviting guests to wipe their feet before entering her house.

The offenders would do well to take a lesson from humbler folk.

No excuse for sweating

That men get only 12s. 6d. for 36 hours' work and have to take part payment in provisions is the allegation brought against Brigg Urban Council, Lincs, whose surveyor says the men are employed only to keep them off the streets.

This is no excuse for sweating.

Wild talk

What's wrong with Wales?

A Welsh writer, acclaiming the Bangor students who tore down the Union Jack, urges his countrymen to revolt against England and join forces with the Irish "against the common enemy."

We know his countrymen too well to think they will welcome this silly and hysterical outburst.

Why the Asylum Army Grows

A Disgraceful Sweat-shop

Hasty

In saying that a person should not be certified drunk merely because his or her breath smelt, the Wallasey, Cheshire, coroner was putting it mildly.

A woman who collapsed in the street was taken to hospital, declared to be drunk, taken to the police station, and a few hours later died from cerebral hæmorrhage.

The woman had drunk only one glass of beer that night.

Beating the profiteer

Liverpool is doing the right thing to stop profiteering in the building trade by deciding to use direct labour in its housing scheme.

One private builder who tendered for the work afterwards reduced his estimate by £15,000—and even that was £7,000 more than the estimate of the Corporation's housing director.

A soft bench

A cruel hoax on the unemployed has been treated with amazing leniency by Edinburgh justices.

They fined a man only £2 for advertising for skilled miners to develop a "newly discovered Scottish coalfield" and asking for a "guarantee" of 5s. The "coalfield" did not exist.

We should have sent the man to jail.

Short shrift

Nottingham has scant sympathy for charity-mongers.

A man named Kilbride obtained money by piteously pleading that he had a sick child and had been evicted because of arrears of rent.

When it was discovered that he was a single man and the whole story was false, he was sentenced to three months' hard labour. He deserved it.

Impudence

An offer that should be ignored is made by Mr. W. G. Young, of Norwich, Norfolk, who claims that he recently bought, for £3, thirty addresses of firms who send men to jobs abroad, passage paid

Owing to domestic affairs, he continues, he is unable to use them and will sell them for 10s.

They would be dear at 10d., and his offer should be ignored.

These modern girls

Dorothy Burgess, of Grappenhall, Lancs, may be only twelve, but she has remarkably quick wits.

When she was in charge of a shop, two men handed her a coin which "rang funny" as she dropped it into the till.

She at once gave the alarm, and the two men have gone to prison for uttering counterfeit coin.

Bumbledom

What will Grimsby Relief Committee say to its Relieving Officer?

A man of seventy-three was taken to Grimsby Institution with a broken leg. When convalescent he rented a room at the Salvation Army hostel and applied to the Relieving Officer to augment his old age pension.

This was refused on the grounds that he was living in a common lodging house, but the Town Clerk has now rightly ruled that the man is entitled to relief no matter where he lives.

Why not?

We agree with the chairman of Abertillery magistrates that the thefts of coal from pitheads and trucks would be eliminated if colliery companies allowed the unemployed to pick coal from refuse tips.

This is a sensible suggestion that coal owners should act upon.

In darkest Britain

The most cheerless poor law institution in the country must surely be that at Panteg, Monmouthshire.

Reporting on the death of a man there from consumption, the sanitary inspector revealed that the place was bleak and desolate, the floor needed scrubbing, there was no table for the sufferer to sit at, and he was left in solitude with nothing to occupy his mind.

The woman in blue

Foreign visitors who praise London's policemen should meet Worthing's policewoman.

Not only is she efficient at her job, but she has beaten her male colleagues at snooker, is an expert rifle shot, and can hold her own at swimming with any policeman in the town.

Blackmail

Our advice to motorists who find a strange woman in their parked car, or are hailed by one for a lift late at night, and are then accused of assaulting her and asked for money, is to drive her straight to a police-station.

This form of blackmail has been practised very successfully in the Potteries of late, and will doubtless spread to other districts.

The twain meet

East met West when an Indian undergraduate, Mr. Ahmed Shafi, dived repeatedly into a canal to rescue a little London boy, though without success.

We wish him luck in his effort to swim the Channel, for he has shown that we are really "brothers under the skin" in deeds of heroism.

Her winning way

Readers should be on their guard against a clever and persuasive woman thief who has been busy in the Chadwell Heath district of Essex.

She calls to inspect houses for sale, and sums of money are missed after her departure. In one case she pleaded that she had left her purse behind and "borrowed" money for her return fare.

We call the attention of the police to this trickster.

How not to do it

Economy at the expense of children's health is false saving.

Bradford, hoping to save £78,000 a year on education, is to provide fewer meals for poor children, curtail free treatment at medical clinics, and abandon the project for open-air classes for delicate youngsters.

If the victims become a perpetual charge on public funds, the ratepayers will know who to blame.

Favouritism

Glasgow Corporation is very jealous of its dignity.

While many towns allow ratepayers to fish in local reservoirs, this privilege is reserved in Glasgow for town councillors and Corporation officials.

WHY WE'RE LAST IN THE AIR

by Captain

HAROLD BALFOUR

(The Flying M.P.)

THERE is something seriously wrong with British civil aviation, and nothing but harm can result if taxpayers follow their present policy of burying their heads in the sand.

While foreign countries have been building up a network of air routes that are already thicker on the globe than the lines of latitude and longitude, Britain is contenting herself with little more than a comparatively slow ferry service between London and Paris.

I am not blaming Imperial Airways, which runs this service. I am laying the responsibility on successive Governments, which, in giving this company subsidies and maintaining them, have made it impossible for other British air interests to enter into a healthy competition.

I wonder if you know how these subsidies work, or how substantial they are.

Do you know that, as taxpayers, you are entitled to say to any American travelling to Paris by a British air liner: "Sir, your fare to Paris and back was six guineas, but we, the taxpayers, have had to pay more than £8 to this company for carrying you, a foreigner, to a foreign country?"

And to an Egyptian merchant flying on Egyptian business to Karachi from Egypt you may say in all truth: "Sir, your payment for passage was £58, but, because of the subsidy, we pay £180 in the shape of taxation."

These are but two instances of the burdens which British taxpayers are being called on to shoulder for the development of what is called "Empire civil aviation."

If the objective was being achieved, the taxpayer would have little cause to grumble. But it is not. We are far behind the rest of the world in civil aviation.

Scandalous subsidies

WE led the steam age and pioneered the railways of the world. We pioneered the internal combustion engine. In many ways we have repeated that early success of ours in sending our adventurers out over the sea and taking our flag to the four corners of the world.

But we are not taking our flag along the airways—most emphatically, No.

It was to do in the air what our forefathers did on land and sea that certain misguided legislators agreed, in 1921, to subsidise civil air transport by granting monopoly rights.

Existing lines to Paris were merged into one, competition on all routes that might be planned was eliminated, a subsidy was promised to the new undertaking that was to grow out of the scheme, and Imperial Airways was born.

The Government of the day undertook to give no subsidies to any other concern unless this new monopoly company had refused first option.

As a result of this policy, the total sum voted since 1919 in direct subsidies for civil air transport has reached the enormous figure of £2,750,000. And development has become more a question of developing security for shareholders than of creating great air routes along which day and night services of high-speed liners will link up the Empire by air.

This year that company receives some £370,000 of taxpayers' money, ample to cover its dividend requirements. It can earn this money by flying—just flying with the machines empty if it likes, so peculiarly does this subsidy-gift operate.

There are only two practical ways in which the air enterprises of this country can be encouraged to build up services such as you will see developing in other countries.

Either the air service should be a Government enterprise, or a private enterprise with the Government granting a subsidy on mails providing that certain conditions are met. Under

In the race for commercial air supremacy Britain lags woefully behind. Yet the Government's subsidy is being spent on trips to the races and the like!

this form of subsidy the risks fall on private shoulders, and a Government can cancel the contract if its stipulations are not fulfilled.

The United States of America, where this system rules, has 625 civil air liners, which fly a weekly mileage of a million miles at an average speed of 130 miles an hour. Germany has 177 such machines, flying 164,000 miles a week.

Yet Britain has only 20 air liners, doing a weekly mileage of only 32,000 miles and an average speed of about 90 miles an hour.

Yet satisfied Ministers tell the House of Commons that all is well, that we are operating 12,000 miles of air routes. They forget that mileage means nothing unless reliable and frequent services of real commercial value fly over them.

Let us therefore look at these so-called "great Imperial routes."

There is the route to Egypt. Actually a series of disasters along the first London-India route led to changes, and to-day this so-called air route to Egypt consists of 1,120 miles by air and no less than 975 miles by foreign trains over European countries!

We paid £98,750 to the company for operating this route in 1930-31, and a few thousands more of the taxpayers' money for inspection offices, buildings and ground organisation.

We hear a lot about the air route to Australia. Yet, because the subsidised company has failed to conclude an agreement with the Government of India, and the machines can no longer cross that country, the road to Australia is now blocked.

The forging of such a vital link in the Imperial chain that must one day come should never have been left in the hands of one undertaking. It is unfair to the Empire and the company. Only once has this much-vaunted "route" been flown by an Imperial Airways liner.

The machine was wrecked on that occasion in the Far East. The mails were rescued by Air-Commodore Kingsford Smith, the Australian pilot, who completed the journey to England and then flew back to Australia on a private commercial aircraft, and with a degree of success which Imperial Airways has never succeeded in achieving.

Costly air-port

NEVERTHELESS, there is the route to Karachi, our optimistic politicians will say. Of course. At Karachi, the terminus, the Clapham Junction of India, only some seventy passengers were landed from incoming air-liners during last year. The cost per passenger of building and maintaining this vast air-port should make even the most profligate subsidy expert sit up and wonder if the present system is delivering the goods.

Of the South African route the less said the better. We cannot but hope that next year, with the advent of machines suitable for the route, and without which the route should never have been opened, some regularity will be achieved. So far it has been quicker to go from the Cape by boat or by car than by air. Maritime mails are beating the speed of air transport on this route.

There are further troubles ahead. We fly to India over Persia, hugging the Persian Gulf and the Persian coast. It is not easy to find another way to India. Now there is foreshadowed in this year's estimates a further expenditure of £10,000 of public money on a new West Arabian coast route to India because the great red line to India may not be allowed to cross Persia when the present permit ends.

Why should the public pay for this change of route? They have found more than £2,000,000 for Imperial Airways and draw no dividends. The shareholders have found £500,000 and draw their dividends.

London-Paris as our sole European service is of little use compared with the French Aeropostale's service from France to South America—flying night and day, continuously, at high speeds, one machine snatching its cargo from another to tear on with its load.

Or with the Luddington Lines in America, which run hourly services from Washington to New York at first-class Pullman railway rates—unsubsidised, yet showing a profit.

Now or never

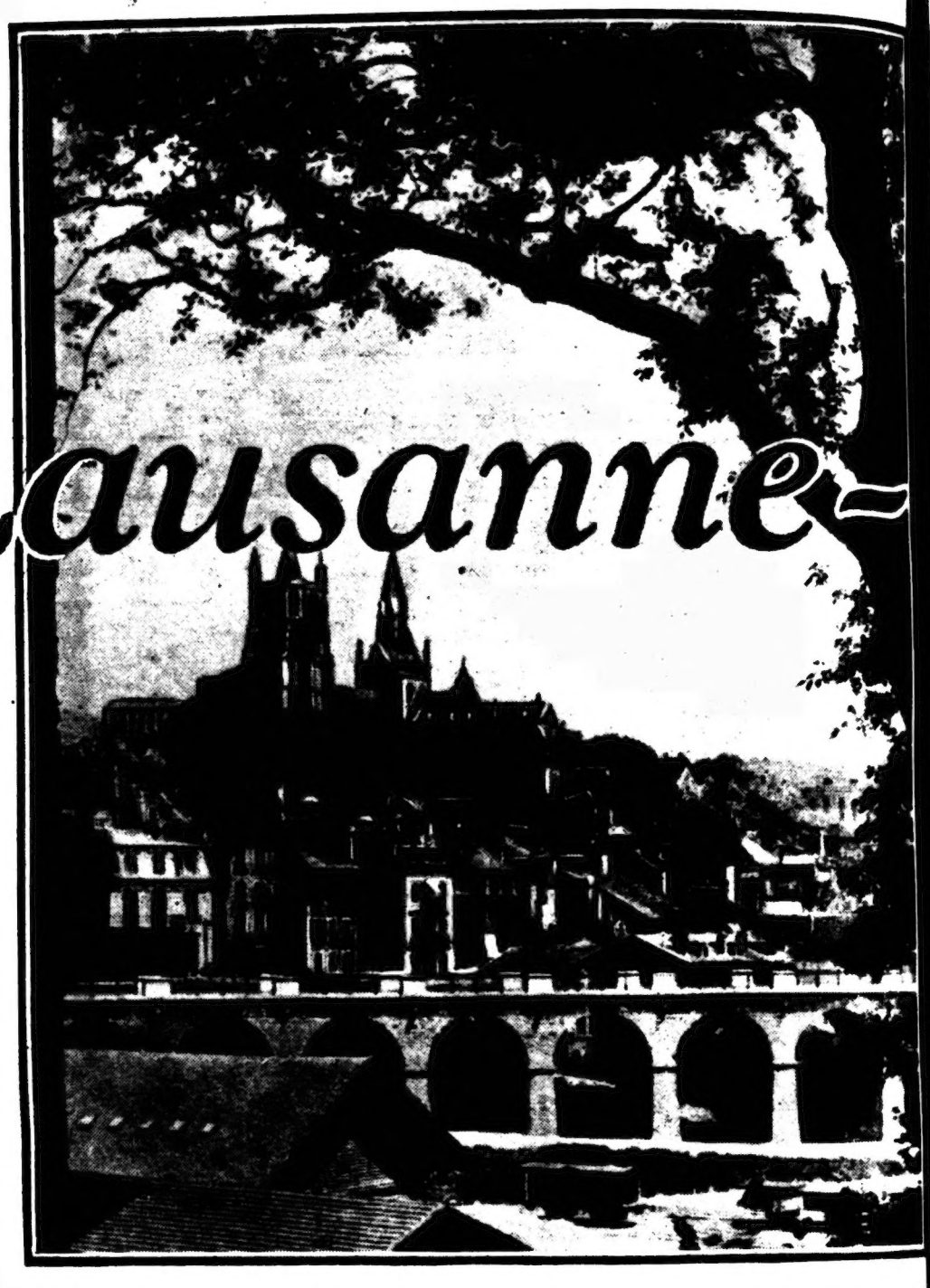
WHAT is more, all our other air interests are being slowly strangled. Denied the Government subsidies, preferential terms, grants and loans of equipment lavished on Imperial Airways, they find themselves crowded out.

No wonder that Imperial Airways can beat them at joy-rides, taxi-services, take-tea-over-London, see-the-boatrace-in-comfort, and so on. I ask the Air Minister pointedly: Was the subsidy ever meant for such services as these?

It is time the public was roused to a realisation of our present plight in civil aviation.

We have got to carry the flag by air as our forefathers did by sea. Our future depends on it. And we must catch up now. To-morrow may be too late.

Lausanne—



I SHALL not be at the Lausanne Conference. But I am not sorry. I have been at six of these gatherings of international statesmen during the last twelve years, and the fun of it has worn thin.

Of course, like everyone else, I hope that the Lausanne Conference, which opens on June 16, will settle all the problems of war debts and reparations and bring the world a little nearer prosperity.

I am not very optimistic.

I recall the high hopes with which Europe entered into the fantastic dramas of San Remo, Spa, Cannes, Genoa, Lucerne, and Locarno. Each conference sowed the seeds of distrust, accomplished nothing more tangible than a document and the printed reports of high-souled oratory.

You see, whenever European statesmen find themselves in a difficulty, they call a conference to cover up their defects and ward off suspicion.

It is easy to be optimistic when you are not on the spot watching what goes on behind the scenes.

For instance, I remember the days when Mr. Lloyd George headed the Coalition Government. Lloyd George developed the idea of conferences to the proportion of a fine art. He organised so many that they became known as the "L.G. Circus."

The organisers of these parleys took care always to select a venue which was agreeable either from the point of view of climate or amenable society.

"A Roman holiday"

L.G. started off with a bound. In the third week of April, 1920, European statesmen descended on the seaside town of San Remo, on the Italian Riviera, like a cloud of evil witness.

Now, in those days, Italy was not the organised community it is to-day. If you left your luggage unattended on a station platform for five minutes it was certain to be stolen. It was about that time that Cardinal Bourne lost all his personal belongings to pilferers while on an official visit to Rome.

San Remo suffered from the same uncertainty. Prices fluctuated with the unexplained rise and fall of the lira. Mussolini had not yet invented castor oil as a cure for political discontent and railway trains came and went in accordance with the whims of railway engine-drivers and signalmen and with a magnificent disregard of time-tables.

But the sun shone magnificently on the terrace of the Casino. There were fine hotels in the town and certain amenities for luxurious amusement. It was an ideal spot for tired statesmen to hold a conference.

The chief problem to be discussed was the future of Turkey, but April sunshine in San Remo is too pleasant to encourage an excess of work. After a day or two the chief protagonists of the discussion were to be seen on hotel terraces enjoying sun baths. Mr. Lloyd George was photographed twenty times a day, posing with all the skill of a film star.

Hotel-keepers' benefit

We had glorious and most expensive banquets—at the expense of an impoverished but prodigal Italian Government. Scores of engineers began to link up the resort by telephone with the rest of Europe, and their work was just accomplished when it was time for the conference to break up.

Everybody had a glorious holiday, but the only thing accomplished in the way of world settlement was for Lloyd George, M. Millerand and Signor Nitti to declare Germany in default. (They had not then forgotten the "Hang the Kaiser" slogan!)

They then packed up and went home. Some of the delegates lost both their luggage and reputations on the way.

The only people to profit from the conference were the San Remo hotel-keepers.

The next full-dress gathering of the Powers was at Spa, the famous Belgian watering-place whose waters have been celebrated since the days of the Cæsars. Spa had been the ex-Kaiser's headquarters, and there was a certain irony that the rooms in which he had planned his "campaign of hate" were now used for the dictators of peace to the Fatherland.

Up to that time the Allies had refused to treat with the Germans in person. At Spa they consented to meet representatives of the nation which was still seriously called "Hun" or "Boche."

I shall not readily forget the pomp and circumstance of those opening speeches. It was high summer, and there were many comings and goings between the hotels. (Naturally, all the hotels were commandeered to house the delegates.) The Allies made up their minds to be firm.

Things were going magnificently until a mysterious gentleman named Hugo Stinnes appeared on the scene. Stinnes is now dead and his fortune has disappeared. But in those days he was immensely wealthy and a tremendous force in European finance. I recall him as an elusive and reserved man who only spoke when he had something intelligent to say.

He chose Spa as the place in which to speak. The Allies demanded enormous payment in money and kind. Stinnes said very quietly that in the existing state of German industry it could not be done.

The Allies could not understand. They had never been contradicted before. Spa seethed with excitement. Who was Hugo Stinnes? What did he mean? Of course, what he said was perfectly true. Funny no one had thought of it before.

The Allies went to Spa to demand money from the Germans. Before they rose they consented to advance Germany money on a credit basis! Fantastic, but true.

The comedy of Spa prepared the way for the *opéra bouffe* of Cannes—the most amazing of all the Peace conferences. It took place in the early days of January, 1922.

Europe was still enjoying the boom period. Money was not hard to come by.

The winter season on the Riviera was still a financial proposition. There was no reason why Cannes should have been chosen for the international discussion except that the Riviera liked advertisement and Mr. Lloyd George wanted some sunshine.

The then British Prime Minister led a cohort of secretaries and experts (essential attributes of conferences, these gentlemen!) from the railway stations to the hotels and villas of Cannes.

I remember the bouquets and speeches with which the famous bearded Mayor of the town greeted Lloyd George on his arrival. The curtain had risen on the first act of the comedy which was to end in tragedy. Lloyd George rode away to his villa on the hill. Lord Curzon went to a quiet hotel, and the late Sir Laming Worthington Evans to yet another.

The important porker

The next day some of the minor delegates met in the Nautical Club on the Croisette, or promenade. Outside mannequins walked up and down in all the glory of the latest Paris frocks. There were so many expensive motor-cars you could not "circulate," to use a French idiom. And up above the comedy began.

M. Briand was called to a trunk line to the North. The conference was expectant, thinking he was in communication with the Foreign Office in Paris.

Then M. Briand returned at length and confided to his neighbour that "all the litter were living." He had been talking to the manager of his farm at Cocherel, in Normandy. His prize sow had been delivered of a fine litter! Meanwhile, the conference of Cannes could wait. Perhaps Briand was right. That litter of pigs was more important in the long run.

There were terrific problems to discuss. France wanted England to commit herself in a military sense in Eastern

The Human Machine

Try it Out!

ONE of life's lessons that strangely few people ever seem to learn is that everything we do, everything we say, must somehow and somewhere have its effect. It may be on ourselves; it may be on others; but in the mental and spiritual world, just as in the physical world, the law of cause and effect is inevitable and inexorable.

Have you never seen how careless tongues can sever relationships and shatter friendships? How they can sour a whole life and turn love to hatred?

We rarely pause to think what the effect of our words will be; and most people find it fatally easy to allow themselves to be provoked, and to say in a moment of irritation a good deal more than they mean. They say what they know will hurt, rather than what they know to be true.

And because people don't stop to consider the effect of their words and actions they too often mistake rudeness and lack of self-control for what they choose to call "bluntness" and "plain speaking." Yet, as in everything we do, we have the unfettered power of choice. It is always possible to tell the truth and to be candid, and yet be gracious in the telling of it. Offensiveness is never in the least meritorious.

Mankind has still to learn the profound truth of something it has stubbornly ignored for more than two thousand years, and that is that there is no better guide to life, even to the trivial details of every day, than the "Golden Rule."

If we all behaved to others as we should like them to behave to us, there would be few regrets, few self-recriminations, and a great deal more laughter and happiness in the world.

Sir Austen at the "Picnic Conference"—Locarno

—will it be Another TRAGEDY?

by Norman Hillson

Europe. Mr. Lloyd George wanted to meet the Russians and see if the difficulties of Soviet recognition and Russian indebtedness could not be overcome.

Golf à la Briand

Those days at Cannes were hectic. We used to adjourn for three-hour *thé dansants* at the big hotels, rush home to dress, sit at the Casino bar munching peanuts and drinking gin cocktails until half-past nine, and then on to an elaborate dinner in the suffocatingly full restaurant off the baccarat room.

You could see eminent statesmen punting their *billets de mille* at the tables in the small hours of the morning. Cigars cost anything up to ten shillings, and champagne was five pounds a bottle. It was like living in Golconda with a perpetual headache!

And then came the crowning incident of the whole fantastic business.

It was a glorious sunny day. Mr. Winston Churchill took his funny hat, box of colours and easel to the quaint hill village of Roquefort to paint the landscape and astonish the inhabitants. Lord Curzon retired to his hotel with a slender volume of Latin prose. Mr. Lloyd George, in search of more robust recreation, invited M. Briand to a game of golf on the local links of Mandalieu.

The French statesman and Mr. Lloyd George lunched together and then left the club-house to confront a "gallery" of about four hundred special correspondents.

Briand looked at the ball and then at his driver. He announced with some disdain that he would knock the silly little white thing 500 metres. Down came the club with a thud. The ball was topped and rolled five yards! All the afternoon the great Frenchman continued to plough up the fairway with his borrowed clubs, raising clouds of dust and loud imprecations every time he tried to hit the ball. Finally he abandoned the game in disgust!

Naturally, the incident provided a first-rate story, and long before the two statesmen returned to the club-house the telephone wires to Paris were humming with long and picturesque descriptions of this historic game of golf.

The Paris Press printed them *in extenso*, but their readers had no such sense of humour. All over France went up the cry that Briand was in the pocket of Lloyd George and wasting his country's time when he should be in the conference chamber.

M. Briand scented trouble, and took the night train to Paris. He defended the heinous charge, but was heavily defeated. He was thrown out of office, and it was years before he returned to power.

Genoa's farce

Meanwhile, at Cannes, we were left in the air. The conference broke up in a hurry and the offices of the sleeping car company were besieged by frantic officials anxious to return home days before they had anticipated.

Cannes was the prelude to the biggest conference of all—the fourth in the series of full-dress affairs—the conference of Genoa.

The Italian Government went out of its way to make arrangements. It even gave the foreign Press a magnificent palace to serve as a club-house during the five weeks the delegates were in session.

But again comedy had to enter into it. One of the real reasons for the comedy was the opportunity accorded to the Russians to meet the Allies.

Instead of accommodating Chicherin, Litvinoff and his colleagues in Genoa, they decided to maroon them at Rapallo, the seaside resort, and one of the most beautiful places on earth. That it was an hour's journey by train and the ordinary road was so bad that motors were useless did not seem to dawn on the organisers of European peace!

I remember many funny incidents in connection with the Russian delegation. Every time the Allies wanted to establish contact they had to send messengers—a matter of hours.

After a day or two Genoa became rather tiresome and noisy. Rapallo was beautiful. It had a Casino. It also had an anchorage for yachts. In a very short time nearly all the influential delegates were spending their time in the pleasant village by the cliff-lined gulf!

In Genoa there were the usual comedies. One morning Mr. Lloyd George was late at the session. He could not find his boots! The hotel servants had got them mixed up and had left a pair of boots two sizes too small outside the British Prime Minister's room.

The Russians came to Rapallo and were treated like pariahs. They ended by being the lions of the hour.

At that time Russia was a sealed book, and delegates from the U.S.S.R. were expected to behave like animals who had escaped from a menagerie. It came in the nature of astonishment to discover that the delegates were men of parts with the gift of tongues

They could all talk foreign languages, and some of them were most agreeable companions. People began to forget about the discussion in the sombre palaces of distant Genoa.

Out of the bag

The Russians, however, could fulfil both their political as well as social engagements. While the Allied delegates were ponderously deciding what was to be done with Russia and Germany, the Germans and Russians suddenly came into the open by announcing the signature of a pact between them, abrogating debts and reparation claims.

That was an astonishing day at Genoa—the sort of thing that would happen if you admitted a very formidable cat into a room full of mice! There was hurrying to and fro; statesmen went hither and thither; nobody knew why or where.

The conference came to an end, having effected almost precisely nothing from an Allied point of view. In fact, the chancelleries of Europe had to face the *fait accompli* of the understanding between Germany and the Soviets!

I have been to other conferences—to Locarno and The Hague. Locarno fulfilled the conference tradition of being held at a health resort at the proper season of the year, and the delightful Dutch resort of Scheveningen is only a little distance from The Hague.

Even the austere Lord Snowden, at the time when he was establishing for himself the reputation of the Iron Chancellor, realised its charm, and occasionally he used to escape from the rigid formality of the Netherlands capital to drink weak tea within earshot of a jazz band on a broad walk overlooking the North Sea.

A conference study of Mr. Henderson at the Dutch resort Scheveningen, near The Hague

The picnic conference

Locarno was essentially the picnic conference. The town stands on a lake and there are steamers. These steamers have broad, holystoned decks, with appropriate awnings. Sir Austen Chamberlain hit on the happy idea of taking all the delegates for a trip on the lake. The result was the Pact of Locarno—for better or worse.

No one cares about the Pact any more; and Lord Snowden's stand at The Hague now, after three years, seems such slight heroism in the light of the greater events which have followed.

Even so, the conference habit persists. In fact, it is becoming almost chronic. The delegates of the nation are now making ready to descend on Lausanne.

Well, there is a lake there, too—and lake steamers. I wonder if they will produce a more concrete result than Locarno and all those other conferences have done?

You're a Great Player and a GREAT GENTLEMAN

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to JACK HOBBS

DEAR JACK,—"Now that I am nearly fifty," you said, not long ago, "I shall not play so often."

Yet we find you still batting for your faithful Surrey as well as ever, starting off your season with a sixty, and, indeed, in such form that a great cricketing expert said to me, the other day, "Jack Hobbs is still the best batsman in Engand."

England owes you more than perhaps you know, for you, probably more than any other professional cricketer, have broken down the stupid snobbishness that divides the "Gentlemen" from the "Professionals."

In some newspapers, Players — which means you and the other cricketers who draw a small salary—have no prefix in front of their names. You are brutally and plainly called "Hobbs." In these same newspapers, men who cannot play as well as you can, but whose fathers had a little more money, who make it up in expenses, or who use their cricketing abilities in order to get a job, are called "Mister."

How silly!

Then, of course, at Lord's, the so-called "Gentlemen" come out of the middle gate while you and your kind—the ones who so often win the matches—have to sneak out round the corner.

I have even seen an amateur and a professional open the batting for England with the "Gentleman" coming out at the middle and the "Professional" creeping round the corner to join him furtively, so that they could walk to the pitch together.

Yet everybody knows that amateur sport is often just the bunk, that few amateur tennis players are amateurs, but that they sell racquets and newspaper articles, are paid by hotels to play in the South of France and have lavish expenses given them at English seaside towns.

The whole world could tell of the so-called amateur cricketers who have drawn salaries as officers of the clubs, and of the numerous other players who sell shares or booze, or something with greater ease, because they play for a county.

On the river, the snobbishness is terrible. I know an Australian oarsman who was refused membership of a London rowing club because, in Australia, he had rowed in a four of which one was a policeman!

You would have thought that the War had broken down all this, for, after all, Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff in that War, started life as a gardener's boy. Few of the men who won distinction of rank in the War were anything much before they joined the Army. Certainly, none of them were aristocrats.

You are such a great player, and such a great gentleman, that had you not received less for playing cricket than many amateurs have done—and everybody knows that Dr. W. G. Grace was a professional—you would have captained England.

Yet, because you do it for a living, you have played in Test matches which have been lost because of the stupidity of a player who was a so-called "Gentleman." The snobbery was not his fault.

Most real amateurs would break the rule down entirely. They play for the love of the game.

Why do not professional cricketers get more money? Carl Brisson gets many times your salary, and for singing the same songs every week.

So badly paid are professional sportsmen that I can remember, not many years ago, the professionals who were to play for England that day at the Oval actually threatened to go on strike for more money!

If I remember, they then got £5 5s for three days' play—and they were the best players in the land.

Men like you are to-day an inspiration to many thousands of boys and young men. You have never lost your head as have some people on whom the limelight shines. You are always courteous—even to those annoying boys who line up for autographs by the score.

You have made speeches on the Liberal platform that were full of sense. You support the League of Nations and you organise cricket matches for charity.

I sometimes smile at the thought of you whenever I pass your sports outfitting shop in Fleet Street and see displayed for sale cricket tackle, games of ludo, ping-pong sets—yes, and now, I suppose, Yo-Yo.

Yes, Jack, England is moving on to a greater democratisation of herself—not by pulling down, but by building up. And you and all the other professional sportsmen who earn the respect of everybody are doing as much towards that great ideal as anybody.

After all, who cares whether a man has a private income or not? It is better to live on cricket than to live on your father.

Cricket is a great game because it is clean, because its games are never bought and sold, and because in it individual skill is subordinated to a common purpose.

When next time you hear the roaring Oval crowd cheer a century of yours, remember that in those cheers there is the admiration—yes and the affection—of a great mass of people who love to see a game well played and who admire a man who plays it cleanly.

You have shown that a man can be a gentleman without putting "Mr." before his name. May you live for many more centuries.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,
Lambeth Palace, London

YOUR GRACE,—Is the Church powerless to prevent the increasing number of feuds between clergymen and their flock? On one day of last week, choir disputes occurred at a Chelsea church, and at All Saints', Manchester.

These unseemly brawls do the Church no good. You should take immediate action.

JOHN BULL.

Lady BADEN-POWELL,
Bentley, Hants

DEAR LADY BADEN-POWELL,—Please accept my greetings and congratulations on the twenty-first birthday of the Girl Guides.

It is a magnificent achievement to have secured over half a million members in the kingdom.

But this is not all. For that membership implies half a million good deeds a day and has given a great fillip to the spirit of sisterhood and self-reliance.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. DONALD H. BEOVES,
King's College, Cambridge

DEAR SIR,—Your rebuke to the stupid undergraduates who climbed the delicate pinnacles of your historic College Chapel and attached two umbrellas to the towers was justified, but it should have been couched in much stronger language.

A similar senseless prank cost a youth who climbed and damaged the statue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus, London, more than a hundred pounds when he was prosecuted for the offence.

It's a pity that the undergraduates you repremand aren't dealt with in the same way.

JOHN BULL.

WALTER MIDDLETON, London: Welcome your release from prison. It was foolish of you, an innocent youth, to take blame of elder brother's crime, but it showed fine spirit of fraternal loyalty.—JOHN BULL.

Master ERIC COMPSON,
Brockmoor, Staffordshire

DEAR ERIC,—Though only twelve and unable to swim, you gallantly jumped into a canal and rescued a little boy, the second child you have saved from drowning within a year.

You are not only a brave fellow, but do credit to the Boy Scout movement, to which you belong.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. KATHERINE HUDSON,
Leyton, Essex

DEAR MADAM,—When three men attacked you and tried to steal the bag containing the rents you were collecting, you put up such a fight—though you are a woman of fifty—that they fled without a penny.

I am sorry to hear that you had to be treated for shock. You have the consolation of knowing that their shock was even greater.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHRISTIAN KUNZLE,
Birmingham Children's Hospital

DEAR SIR,—In a sheltered spot in Switzerland is your birthplace, and to your chateau there thirty delicate children have been sent from Birmingham, thus inaugurating an experiment of treatment in the dry and invigorating air of the Alps.

Your share in this experiment has been generous, but you will be well repaid if results are successful. You are to be commended for your good work; and it is very evident that your first name was well chosen.

JOHN BULL.

HARRY OSBORNE,
Andover, Hampshire

OSBORNE,—Your wife has been sent to prison, and you have been fined £5 for ill-treating your infant daughter, who was found to be bruised from head to toe.

You pleaded that your wife often became hysterical and could not be prevented from beating the child.

Nonsense! A man who allows his child to be cruelly treated is himself a callous wretch.

JOHN BULL.

JAMES SIMMS,
Kidsgrove, Stoke-on-Trent

DEAR JIMMY,—You were buried by a sudden fall of earth while searching for coal at a disused mine. When your face was cleared by a rescue party, you insisted that your pal should be saved first, though your legs were still pinned down.

Though, unfortunately, it was too late to help your friend, nothing can detract from your pluck and selflessness, especially commendable in a boy of seven.

What a man you should make!

JOHN BULL.

LORD BRADFORD: You regret that Traffic Act is not giving hospitals financial help they expected for treating road victims. Suggest that portion of fines inflicted on road users should be put to this use.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN FROST,
Chairman, Chester Sessions

DEAR SIR,—A retired butcher, David Watkins, appeared before you for hanging a dog from a tree and striking it with a hammer.

I so often have to criticise magistrates for undue leniency in cases of this kind that I congratulate you on fining the man £25 and £8 costs.

But I wish you had been even more severe and have sent this brute to prison.

JOHN BULL.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: You call Hampstead "the most hopeless damned centre of callous suburbanism on earth." I know many people who enjoy living there, and as for their intelligence—well, they read Shaw.—JOHN BULL.

NAPOLEONS at a Discount

He was the last survivor of the Napoleons of Big Business—Lord Inchcape

From a grocer with a vision to Lord Leverhulme with commercial kingdoms all over the earth

by A. G. Gardiner

A SIGNIFICANCE attaches to the death of Lord Inchcape which makes it more than a personal event. It may be said that with him the last of the Napoleons of Commerce has passed from the stage, and that in that passing we see the end of a chapter and the opening of a new era in which the Napoleon dynasty will not be on the throne.

I think Lord Inchcape knew that. He was a hard-headed, dry-witted realist, with a world-vision of affairs and an acute instinct for the great under-currents that are changing the drift of the human tide.

I saw him last only a month before the illness which has ended fatally. It was on his yacht at Cowes Regatta last August. The gloom of the impending financial crash hung like a pall over the gay scene, and the old man talked as one who was taking farewell of a world which in its turn was taking farewell of him and of the gospel for which he stood.

He was typical of that remarkable group of men who dominated the world of Big Business that culminated in the generation before the Great War, and of whom he was the last survivor.

They were for the most part men of small beginnings who had, to use Holmes' phrase, "carved themselves with their own jack-knives," had created vast businesses by their own genius, and remained the autocrats of those businesses to the end.

They operated in many fields. Lord Leverhulme achieved the conquest of the soap trade. He emerged in the late 'seventies from a small grocer's shop not far from Bolton, with a Napoleonic vision of the possibilities of modern business that he translated into a world-wide phenomenon.

He thought, not merely in countries, but in continents. He bought up his rivals in the soap trade, he founded great factories all over the earth, he acquired estates as big as kingdoms in Africa and developed the resources of the sea and the land, of the whale and the palm kernel, and applied them with masterful genius to the necessities of the vast business that he created.

Under the counter

At the time that he was setting out on his great adventure in Lancashire, an Irish boy named Lipton in one of the main streets of Glasgow started out on another line of discovery—that of the "chain" stores, of which he may be said to have been the true begetter.

His beginnings were more humble even than those of William Henry Lever, and he was never tired of telling—he told me many times—of how when a youth he slept under the counter of the little grocer's shop where he was first employed.

But from that unpromising start he, too, built up a business which made his name a household word almost from John o' Groat's to Land's End, and became the type of all those developments in the distributive trades that have changed the whole character of retail trading.

I once asked the late Lord Melchett whom he regarded as the greatest business brain in the country. His choice hesitated between Lord Pirrie, then the driving power of the great firm of Harland and Wolff of Belfast, and Lord Cowdray, the founder of the firm of Weetman Pearson, the contractors.

In the end he gave the palm to Cowdray He gave it on the ground that he combined in an unequalled degree the gifts of bold and adventurous enterprise and a calculating estimate of the material factors involved.

And he related to me incidents of a journey with him in Canada which were startling in their revelation of Cowdray's vision for the business possibilities of things.

Melchett himself came late in life into the ranks of the Napoleons of business. His conception of the gigantic structure of the Imperial Chemical Industry was a stupendous affair, and his handling of the Anthracite combine and the Nickel combine placed him among the great adventurers of Big Business.

But he was unfortunate in his circumstances. He had spent the best of his life in politics, and it was only after the war that he entered on his Cyclopean enterprises. And before they were well under weigh the world crash came and he himself died without seeing the issue of his vast schemes.

More fortunate was Lord Northcliffe, who has an enduring place among the Napoleons of the later Victorian and Edwardian era.

King of Fleet Street

There is nothing in commercial history more sensational than the rise of the callow youth who started *Answers* to the kingship of Fleet Street, and the exercise of an influence over the public mind in the most critical years of our annals that has never been equalled in the past and, happily, is unlikely ever to be equalled in the future.

There is one character in our industrial history which is common to all the Napoleons who towered over the business world during the generation before the war. They were autocrats. They conquered their kingdoms single-handed and ruled them single-handed. They had risen from the bottom of the ladder and knew their business to the last detail. They trusted to their own judgment and would tolerate no rival near the throne.

And for the most part, I think, they justified their title to absolute monarchy by the success of their administration. One of them came to grief, and one of the greatest of them, whose genius had become megalomania, would have come to grief had he lived a year or two longer. But in the mass they triumphed.

Now, with Inchcape, the type has gone. I think it has gone for good. And this, not because I think that we have lost the breed of the Leverhulmes and Cowdrays, Melchetts and Pirries.

For the Napoleons who scaled the heavens of Big Business from 1880 to 1914 were the creation of their time and their opportunity.

They saw a world ripe for large and still larger units of control, production and distribution. They seized their chance, here in soap, there in shipping, elsewhere in the newspaper world. They bought out competition and squeezed out competition, and dominated their several worlds. And having made themselves Kings of Commerce they exercised the privileges of despotic kingship.

But the phase has passed. Big business is explored, and has passed beyond the grasp of a single mind. Like modern war, it has ceased to be a personal adventure and has become a vast and intricate organisation with infinitely specialised management.

There is no room for the autocrat in business to-day. Where he survives he is discovered to be a peril, whether we look for our example abroad or at home—in the story of Kreuger or in the tragedy of Kylsant of the Royal Mail.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.—Mr. Justice McCardie on the Ethics of

Wiggings for Wigs

THERE'S weeping and there's wailing
in the Temple;
A heavy pall hangs over Lincoln's
Inn;
And the Press, with tearful eyes,
Doubts if I yet realise
The size and shape and texture of my sin.

Though Members in the House may at
each other
Hurl epithets that cause one's cheeks to
blench,
There's an asinine convention
That a Judge may never mention,
Save fulsomely a brother of the Bench.

Because I did, for sackcloth and for ashes
They urge me to exchange my wig and
gown.
But I do not care a button,
And think Lord Justice Scrutton
Will manage to survive my dressing-
down.

Convention's something I refuse to
follow;
I've always seen the fallacy of fudge;
If a K.C.'s learned brother
Can inform him, "You're another!"—
Assuredly a Judge can judge a Judge.

It seems to me that much unnecessary fuss has been made because I presented my learned brother Scrutton with a tit for his tat.

I am especially amused that certain organs of the Press, which never lose an opportunity of criticising their reptile contemporaries, have presumed to lecture me about dignity, announcing that it is the duty of Judges always to agree, like birds in their little nests.

If Lord Justice Scrutton and I were M.P.s, and he told me that I didn't know what I was talking about, and I replied with "Get your head read!" or something equally pungent and Parliamentary, nobody would worry.

But there is a quaint illusion that when a doughty fighter at the Bar takes a seat on the Bench he ceases to be human, and develops into a cross between a glorified mummy and a public monument. I am happy to say I have not become this.

In fact, I frankly confess that I am one of those savage animals who, if attacked, defend themselves, and when this happens wigs on the Bench do not preclude wigs on the green.

If it was a breach of etiquette for me to announce that I would not allow my notes to be used in an appeal in which Lord Justice Scrutton was concerned, it was surely supremely silly of him, in the first place, to suggest that, because I happen to be a bachelor, I am not qualified to expound legal questions arising out of matrimonial problems.

"If there is to be a discussion of the relations of husbands and wives," said Lord Justice Scrutton, "I think it would come better from Judges who have more than a theoretical knowledge of husbands and wives."

This surely, is a strange example of twisted logic.

Would you say, O learned brother, that
if one is not a hen
One cannot know the truth about an
egg?
Unless you claim the quality of chaff's
beyond the ken
Of those who do not eat it, I must beg
You drop the silly view that men un-
married must be mute
Regarding those whose wedded state but
proves them less astute.

If only married Judges can be trusted to
preside
When questions matrimonial arise,
All cases of divorce by the divorced
should then be tried.
Nor can you logically express surprise
If criminals protest against the "sen-
tences" so glib
Of inexperienced Judges who have never
cracked a crib!

Andrews offer £250 for a Title — + 267 other CASH prizes

FOR THIS COMPETITION Mr. ALFRED LEETE was asked to illustrate, in his own inimitable way, an Andrews incident . . . without a title. Can **you** supply one?

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2nd „ . . . £100
3rd „ . . . £50

5 Prizes of £10 each
10 „ „ £5 „
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CONDITIONS:

Write your title or sentence on a sheet of notepaper and your name and address, *in BLOCK LETTERS*, in the bottom right-hand corner.
Attach, securely, the paper DISC from either size tin of Andrews Liver Salt and post to arrive not later than

Saturday, June 18th, 1932.

Address :—ANDREWS COMPETITION, KILLINGWORTH PLACE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

The Result will be published in the "Daily Herald" on Thursday, July 21st, 1932.

You may send in *any number* of entries, but each must be on a separate sheet giving your name and address, with an ANDREWS DISC attached.

The Judge's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into regarding this Competition, and all entries remain the property of the Proprietors of ANDREWS LIVER SALT. In the event of a tie, prizes will be divided.

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JOHN BULL'S Great Dog-Racing Exposure (2)

DOGS *that* WIN *under* FALSE NAMES

THE campaign we opened last week with a demand for instant action to stop the scandalous exploitation of the dog-racing public on unlicensed tracks is winning widespread support.

That we in no way exaggerated the gravity of the situation is clear from the fact that the London County Council has issued a questionnaire to all Metropolitan Boroughs on the subject of devising means of checking the abuses on unlicensed tracks.

The L.C.C., like all loyal supporters of the sport, recognises the National Greyhound Racing Club of Great Britain as the controlling body of dog racing.

The Club, which has been called "the Scotland Yard of Greyhound Racing," is fortunate in possessing a distinguished committee, including such members as Lord Lawrence, Lord Lovat, Professor F. J. Hobday, Major-General Sir John Duncan, Brigadier-General the Hon. A. V. Russell and Mr. Henry Sawtell.

We have investigated the Club's methods and have nothing but praise for its achievements.

It keeps records of nearly 30,000 racing dogs; and, what is very important in combating fraud, it has its own "rogues' gallery" of the better-known crooks.

Fakers routed

Formed by the dog-racing public itself, it has no financial interest in any racing track. Except for the actual administrative and working staff, its stewards give their services freely in the interest of the sport.

The chief sleuth of dog-racing's Scotland Yard is Colonel R. Cockburn, who has been with it practically from its inception.

Owing to the Club's exacting system scores of attempts to race dogs in faked names have been defeated.

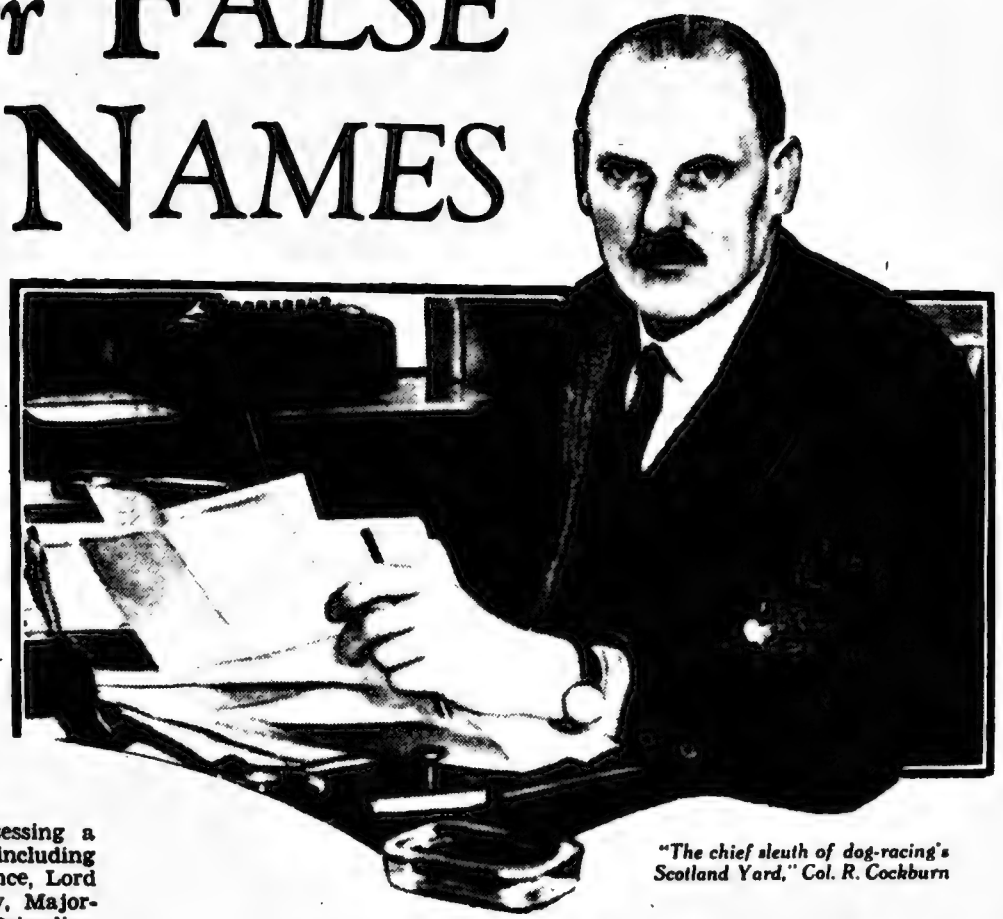
One glaring example is that of an English dog which ran on an Irish course by being entered in an assumed name and winning at big odds as an "outsider."

This animal triumphed, according to plan, in the name of "Vatout." Its extraordinary success aroused the suspicions of the track officials, who got in touch with the National Greyhound Racing Club.

A speedy investigation revealed that "Vatout" was an alias for a famous dog.

In what has become famous in dog-racing circles as the "Beau Sabre Case," which ended a month or two ago in a police court, the Club's identity cards were found to be of great value to the police.

They enabled them to prove beyond question that a stolen dog was raced in assumed names on an unlicensed track at Hanley, Staffs—a track, by the way, which affords a perfect example of the laxity prevailing on too many unlicensed courses.



"The chief sleuth of dog-racing's Scotland Yard," Col. R. Cockburn

Dogs have been raced there, as at most unlicensed tracks, without any awkward questions being asked. They have been accepted in any name, without registration certificates, and without any thought for the character or record of the owners.

A swindling bookmaker was recently laid by the heel—thanks, again, to the registration system.

By a personal canvass he was inducing women to back, in advance of a race, dogs which he alleged were "certs."

The animals he mentioned were all well known to the racing public; but they mostly lost, as he knew they would.

Actually, he never put on any money. Identity cards eventually sealed his fate and he was arrested. Records showed that on the dates of the supposed bets, the dogs he had named as racing on such tracks as Wembley, White City or Clapton, were not even in London!

That the registration system stands good in any emergency was revealed this month when a fire at Glasgow destroyed the records and identification papers of over two hundred greyhounds.

Two experienced officials of the National Greyhound Racing Club were sent specially to Glasgow with the Club's original records and blank registration forms.

Warned off

By working at high pressure for three days the officials succeeded in making good all the lost records and identifying every dog "down to the last toenail," for even toes and toenails must be described in the Club's records.

Enquiries are proceeding to-day regarding the whereabouts of three first-class dogs named "Latent Light," "Brindle Bird" and "Cibola," which were recently sold by auction at Crewe.

A man named Densh was the purchaser; but the cheque he gave in payment had been dishonoured and the address he gave in London was false.

These three dogs are probably racing in other names as of "unknown form" on unlicensed tracks.

In the past four years dog racing's "Scotland Yard" has found it necessary to hold approximately 550 enquiries into complaints of all kinds regarding the running of dogs on licensed tracks.

As a result, nearly 150 offenders have been "warned off" or otherwise punished.

Secret betting coups

What, then, must be the number of offences on tracks that are subject to no control and concerning which statistics are not available?

It is significant that many unlicensed tracks, where slipshod organisation has prevailed, have come to grief after inglorious careers, and often with heavy losses to investors and creditors.

There have been cases where unlicensed tracks once operated at Wombwell, Bedford, Dartford, Grays, Watford, Kettering, Oxford, Plymouth, Southall, Bournemouth and Eastwood (Essex).

The last two in particular were in many respects notorious. They were exploited by people who specialised in running dogs under false names for making secret betting coups.

Southall, by the way, was a venture run by two rogues named John Rogers and Albert Bertram, who, without even applying for a licence, commenced the construction of a track with money obtained through investments in a non-existent company!

Individuals who have been refused licences, or who, for reasons best known to themselves, have never applied to the recognised club for licences, have made many attempts to set up rival governing organisations.

There is, in fact, an organisation in existence named the British Greyhound Tracks Control Society, of Mansfield House, Strand, London, W.C., which has come out into the open and has challenged the authority of the recognised and official ruling body.

In the opinion of eminent patrons of the sport it is quite superfluous, though its promoters may be actuated by the best intentions. It represents several unlicensed tracks—principally those at Stanley Park, Liverpool, Southampton, Blackpool and Hackney Wick.

The last-named, of recent birth, has defied the National Greyhound Racing Club by opening, although there is a licensed track, accommodating 20,000, within a mile.

It opened, also, after strong opposition from residents in the locality.

Here is an instance which shows the urgent necessity for the strictest rules regarding the registration of dogs. On a Hackney Wick Stadium programme, dated Saturday evening, April 9, 1932, is printed the following:

"All greyhounds must be registered with the British Greyhound Tracks Control Society."

Real challenge

Among the dogs running that evening were Grandspite, Special Beauty, Racing Charlie and Harkover.

On May 24, 1932, enquiries were made at the society's office, when it was learned that these greyhounds, despite the rigid ruling of this new body, had not yet been registered.

One of the promoters of the Hackney Wick track is a bookmaker. When his connection with the project became known, he was given the option of abandoning the venture or forfeiting his right to continue on licensed tracks.

He chose to continue with the unlicensed venture, on the ground that the Club had no right to exercise supreme control of the sport!

Now that the British Greyhound Tracks Control Society has come into being a critical situation has arisen. Trainers, owners and others who hold licences from the N.G.R.C. and who attend Hackney Wick track will shortly be called before the stewards of the National Greyhound Racing Club to show cause why they should not be "warned off."

It is surely not in the interests of such a great sport as dog-racing that it should be under divided control?

Most of these unauthorised tracks are conducted on principles entirely different from those which govern officially-supervised tracks—that is to say, they exist almost solely on totalisator betting receipts. The racing of greyhounds is, in fact, merely an excuse for totalisator betting.

Fictitious names

On the Southampton and Blackpool tracks the practice has been to hold up racing until there is enough money for the totalisator. And on the Stanley track admission is by programme, there are ten races at every meeting and eleven meetings a week.

On many tracks no prize-money is given, and it is certain that often the names of the greyhounds and of the owners are fictitious.

We know two tracks where the majority of the dogs belong to the management. There is no *bona fide* racing by greyhounds privately owned for genuine prize-money.

The multiplicity of meetings, the reliance upon betting receipts, the fictitious ownership and nomination of greyhounds is, in the opinion of the leading dog-racing enthusiasts, a degradation of a fine sport.

Next week we shall have much to say on the general subject of track finances and spurious betting coups.

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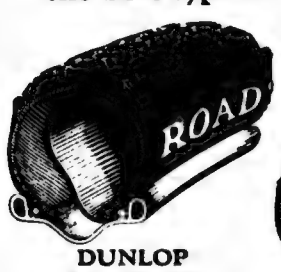

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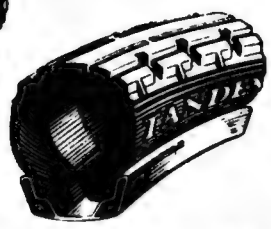

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"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED.
Proprietors of "John Bull."

Two Competitors Win £500 Each

Result of Cross-word Competition No. 105.

In the above Competition solutions containing one error were received from the following two competitors who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £500 will be sent:—

W. McCabe, 16, Aldersville Road, S.W.6.
Mrs. G. Horton, Coronation Cottages, Portway, Nr. Dudley.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, June 14th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked, "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."
No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 53 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive 18s. 11d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.
Grand 90th Birthday Celebration £2,000 Must Be Won Cross-Word on Page 32. £50 for Runners-up. Enter this great contest TO-DAY.

Has New Hair

Kotalko Did It!

"I was almost bald," writes Miss Annie Thompson.

"I tried all kinds of treatments, but the falling of my hair continued.

"At last I was advised to try Kotalko, and to my great joy discovered that I had finally found the right thing. The new hair growth developed and strengthened.

"It has been maintained in length and quantity, as you will see by my photograph. My hair is all that can be desired.

"I cannot praise Kotalko sufficiently, for it has really worked wonders in my case."

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

Test Box If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53 V.D.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

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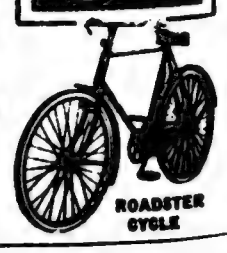

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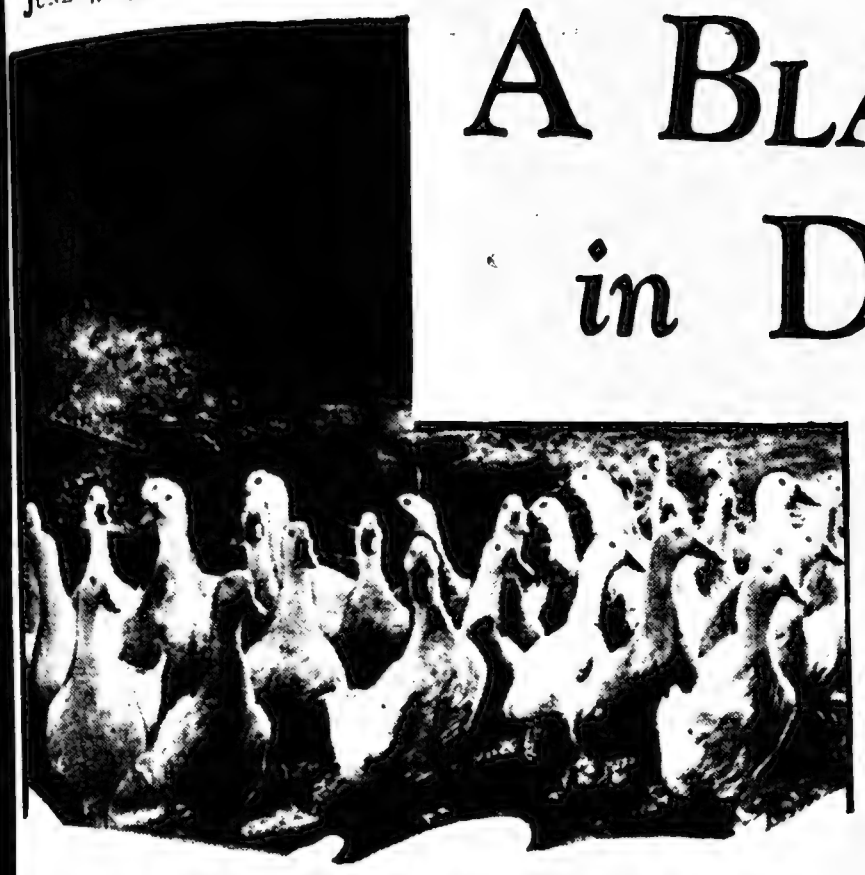
A BLACKGUARD in Dress Clothes



Ducks like these were worth thousands to Armstrong—and he didn't have to sell the eggs, either

Weekly Informations from Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs

FORTUNES from ducks! Such is the extraordinary bait that has been held out to ensnare scores of victims by an enterprising financier calling himself Richard Armstrong, whose recent exploits are among the strangest ever brought to my notice.

Armstrong is the governing director and chairman of a company known as British Ducks, Ltd., of Danehurst, Hordle Hampshire, which until recently was his own private address.

According to the files at Somerset House, this concern was floated by Armstrong with a nominal capital of £10,000, the bulk of which was subscribed by a small group of investors.

Its principal object is to establish and carry on a "mammoth hatchery" for the purpose of supplying table ducks for home and export "by mass production."

But it also aims at carrying on business as poultry farmers, breeders of rabbits and all kinds of game.

Whether it will ever do so now is doubtful

From information before me it is clear that Armstrong has been busy of late with a variety of pursuits, not the least important of which is an endeavour to find young investors of "good standing" to learn a profitable business under his guidance.

One young man—to give a typical instance—was greatly impressed by the reception accorded to him when he applied for further particulars

Armstrong was most exacting. Before he would even discuss the proposition he demanded the fullest particulars as to the status of the applicant, together with at least one solicitor's reference.

Then, when he was apparently satisfied, he confided that he was anxious to keep his mammoth farming venture as select as possible.

He ran away

The prospects, he declared, were limitless, as he was already negotiating with a view to opening branches abroad.

This young man—or his parents—was so well satisfied with all the details of the scheme as outlined by Armstrong that £1,500 was paid over for the privilege of obtaining a post with British Ducks, Ltd.

The cash changed hands on April 25. Four days later Armstrong announced that he was proceeding to Jersey for a flying visit in order to superintend the establishment of branch farms in the Channel Islands.

He has not been seen since!

I find, though, that quite a lot has been heard about him, and that numerous people are coming forward to complain that they have paid Armstrong sums ranging from £1,500 to £2,000 for the privilege of securing "special appointments."

Many of them think it incredible that so charming a person should have deceived them in this manner. Armstrong is undoubtedly a man of considerable polish and education. He speaks French fluently and is an astute business man.

Nor is that all. On occasion he has had the audacity to represent himself as the kinsman of the famous Armstrong family.

He has told some of his dupes that while he is a member of the directorate of the £11,000,000 Armstrong Whitworth group, it is not sufficiently onerous for a man of his energies, hence his excursion into "mass-production" duck farming!

On further enquiry it transpires that his tenancy of "Danehurst"—the fine Hampshire farm which he so suddenly abandoned—dates from August of last year.

From the moment that he arrived and established himself there with great pomp no one seems to have entertained any suspicions regarding his true objects.

The master stroke

He maintained a retinue of servants and was constantly attended by an efficient-looking woman secretary.

He soon became a familiar figure in the district, for he was frequently to be seen being driven about in a smart red motor-car by a liveried chauffeur.

To foster the illusion of his duck-breeding interests he had his estate laid out in most business-like fashion, with houses, runs, incubators and various up-to-date paraphernalia.

Once he had got his establishment in full swing he played a master stroke and arranged for comprehensive kinematograph records to be made of all his duck-breeding activities.

The object of this, he explained to intending investors, was to send out travellers with copies of his films to be exhibited in various countries abroad and so stimulate interest in the branches he ultimately intended to establish.

While busying himself with all these activities, Armstrong did not neglect the social side of life. He entertained generously, and on some evenings his grounds were ablaze with gay illuminations.

His full-dress parties became the talk of the district, and Armstrong looked more faultless than ever when receiving his guests in immaculate evening attire.

It was undoubtedly this pose of a man of wealth, coupled with his astonishing plausibility and charm of manner, that induced so many investors to place their trust in him.

Ducks are dear!

Nor are his victims confined to premium-paying employees or shareholders. Throughout his brief residence in the district Armstrong contrived to run up credit on every side. Whatever he required, either for his farm stock, his household, or his entertaining, he ordered on a lavish scale.

If accounts were submitted he ignored them, though in many instances the creditors awed by his magnificence, did not dare to press for settlement. Not one believed that this distinguished client would eventually flee from the district

It is impossible to estimate the full extent of his depredations; but it is safe to say that his total hauls run into many thousands of pounds.

And all from ducks!

The Tumbling TWISTER

WE hope no more sympathy will be wasted upon a resourceful trickster named Norman Hill, who is in the habit of feigning illness in the street in order to induce people to give him money.

In Ramsgate recently he fell in a spectacular swoon in a busy thoroughfare and a number of good-natured men and women rushed to his assistance.

Groaning, as if in great distress, Hill told them that he was a victim of malaria—a legacy of the war He was penniless, he added, and had intended to tramp to London for work.

His acting was so perfect that a householder, genuinely concerned for the man's welfare, had him carried inside and laid upon a couch to rest.

Hill stoically declined an offer to send for a doctor saying that he had been under constant medical treatment for years and his case was really hopeless. He was always having "attacks," but one blessing was that they didn't last long.

His benefactors could not but admire his spirit, and several people offered to help him on his way. Silver was pressed upon him, and one sympathetic onlooker actually gave him £1.

When Hill recovered slightly he was given a meal and with great expressions of gratitude resumed his supposed tramp to London.

He has been staging these profitable collapses quite a lot of late, but he does not always give the same name. Sometimes he is Norman Summers or Norman Lister: but his object is always to gain sympathy that he in no way deserves.

Homely Wisdom—

. . . *And a Kind Word*

by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE following story was publicly told in my neighbourhood a few days ago: In America, when a customer in a restaurant asks for "a kind word," the waiter at once understands that he wants to break the Prohibition law and be supplied with something stronger than coffee.

An American visitor to London entered a tea-shop and ordered a poached egg and "a kind word." The waiter, not understanding the latter part of the expression, brought him the food, but not the tipple.

"Where's my kind word?" asked the customer, giving the waiter a tip.

"I'll whisper it," said the waiter: "Don't touch the egg."

The whimsical incident recurred to my mind after opening a letter from a JOHN BULL reader. The writer asks me for a kind word, though he certainly does not mean the price of a drink.

He has been out of work a long time, and is often so desperate that he feels like breaking out and engaging in a general smash-up, even if it means going to penal servitude afterwards.

The kind word he needs is: "Leave that egg alone; it's rotten."

His state of mind is no mystery, and thousands of his fellow-readers will sympathise with him. For a man in the prime of life, full of energy and willingness to tackle any honest job, to be compelled to remain idle and dependent upon others for a meagre subsistence is exasperating to his self-respect.

If it does not reduce him to hopelessness it is quite likely to tempt him to reckless courses. More than any other single cause, it is this resentment against the present condition of things in ordered society that is breeding criminals.

The Home Secretary has stated that a new type of criminal has come into existence in recent years—young fellows with nothing to do and no prospects in life, who, out of downright rage against the civilisation that denies them the opportunity of a decent livelihood take to robbery and murder.

To admit the reality of the grievance is not to excuse the wickedness and folly of their action. To snatch by violence from others what you lack yourself cannot fail to make conditions worse instead of better and ultimately to destroy the very fabric of existence.

It has been said that order is heaven's first law, and it does not require much thought to see that when order disappears from life, individual or social, the result can only be savagery and starvation all round.

If in the American sense a kind word is a stimulant, let me add another, for we all need a moral stimulant as deeply as a material one. It is no way out of your troubles to make life harder for your neighbour.

Solitary brooding upon calamity drives men mad. Salvation is born of mutual cheer.

GREAT ANIMAL LOVERS CONTEST

£15,000 for 6D

£10,000

First Prize—An extra £5,000 will be awarded to the winner, making £15,000 in all, if he or she should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald." 2nd Prize £500; 3rd Prize £250.

HERE is a golden opportunity to win £15,000 for 6d. and at the same time help a great cause!

On the Entry Form on the right are 28 Slogans. Read them over carefully and select the best twelve. Show your judgment and skill by choosing those slogans that are most likely to help in this great appeal. It may mean £15,000 to you when the result of this contest is announced.

Remember, you are not asked to place the slogans in any order of merit. Just indicate your choice by placing 12 crosses only in each Entry column you complete.

All the prizes are guaranteed by the "Daily Herald" and the whole of the profits will go to the Royal Veterinary College. The huge First Prize of £10,000 must be won and an extra £5,000 will be paid to the winner, making £15,000, if he, or she, should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

Fill up the Entry Form now. There are five columns provided. Enter yourself and get your family to enter too! £15,000 for 6d.—it's a wonderful opportunity. Someone *must* win the colossal First Prize that is being offered. Why not you? **This Contest, which is open to all, is closing shortly—time is flying—send in your Entries early.** Further attempts may be made on Entry Forms which appear every day in the "Daily Herald."

Organised by the Royal Veterinary College in conjunction with the "Daily Herald."

This Appeal is supported by: Lt.-Col. Sir Merrik R. Burrell, Bart., C.B.E. (Chairman); Most Hon. the Marquis of Crewe, K.G.; Rt. Hon. the Earl Bathurst, C.M.G.; Rt. Hon. the Earl of Harewood, K.G.; Rt. Hon. the Earl of Yarborough; Rt. Hon. Lord Daresbury, C.V.O.; Rt. Hon. Lord Glanely; Rt. Hon. Lord Harlech, C.B.; Rt. Hon. Lord Mildmay of Flete; Rt. Hon. Lord Woolavington, K.C.V.O.; Major Sir Leonard Brassey, Bart., M.P.; Sir Ralph Jackson, M.R.C.V.S.; Maj.-Gen. Sir John Moore, K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.C.V.S.; Lt.-Col. Sir Archibald Weigall, K.C.M.G.; Major F. T. G. Holiday, C.M.G., F.R.C.V.S., F.R.S.E.; W. Parkin-Moore, Esq.; Lt.-Col. E. W. Stanyforth, C.B.; Capt. Robert B. Brasse).

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

(1.) Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2.) Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form and the subscription for the competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3.) In the case of a competitor sending insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the judges will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from Number 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4.) Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form, and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitors to ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, APPEAL HEADQUARTERS, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

(5.) After the close of the competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of Experts who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections in any one entry column agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6.) In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes so affected will be divided. If the first prize is divided the additional prize of £5,000 will be similarly divided and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7.) The Royal Veterinary College reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient, and the decision of the Council of the College upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Royal Veterinary College takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8.) Employees of the Royal Veterinary College and the "Daily Herald" and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9.) The closing date for the receipt of entries will be advertised in the papers used for advertising the Competition; but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a date to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

(10.) Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

Send in your Entries without delay!

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Slogans by placing a X against those selected in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. **INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE—OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.** No order of merit required. *Ink must be used.*

ANIMAL LOVERS CONTEST!

		One Entry 6d. ↓	Two Entries 1/- ↓	Three Entries 1/6 ↓	Four Entries 2/- ↓	Five Entries 2/6 ↓
1	I'd give my life for you. What will you give for me?					
2	Please help the pal that never lets you down.					
3	A Gift in Time Saves a Life Like Mine.					
4	I'm game enough for anything, are YOU game enough to help me?					
5	"Man-kind" they call you:—DO prove that it's true!					
6	Kindness towards Dumb Creatures is a step towards Heaven.					
7	I gave you my "Faith," Can I "Hope" for your "Charity"?					
8	As one Sport to another, please give us a leg up.					
9	I am dumb, but I do hope you aren't deaf.					
10	I'll give the "lick" if you'll give the promise.					
11	Your "Generosity" will be rewarded with "Dumb" gratitude.					
12	You'd love to help me? Thanks. I'd LOVE you to.					
13	Your life is your own, but mine is in your hands.					
14	Be a Pal and Help a Pal.					
15	We LIVE for you—won't you GIVE for us?					
16	A little help in time is better than a lot too late.					
17	Affectionate and True, in return, I look for help from you.					
18	You can depend on me. Can I depend on you?					
19	You loved me when in health; now give me health—for love.					
20	Animals suffer in silence—Don't be "silent" to their sufferings.					
21	We can't speak—but we look to you to see us through.					
22	A silent appeal calling for a sound response.					
23	I'm game when I'm well, so play the game when I'm not.					
24	You taught me begging for sport, be a sport now. I'm begging.					
25	Please spare a fraction for a pal out of action.					
26	With my eyes I plead for the help I need.					
27	Appealing little beggar, aren't I? Can I "touch" you?					
28	Faithful always to you—now do your bit for me.					

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules, and enclose

P.O. Number ..... value ..... covering ..... entries.

P.O. is crossed & Co. and is made payable to The Royal Veterinary College.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

(Block Letters) .....

(Please write clearly in ink. Place three-halfpenny stamp on your envelope.) J.B.3.

Cut Along Here

FOR CLOSING DATE See the "Daily Herald"

Address Your Entry: (Dept. J.B. 3.) ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, APPEAL HEADQUARTERS, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Bereaved Family's AWFUL Ordeal

The Chief Constable of Hampshire, Maj. E. R. Cockburn, who we hope will enquire into this scandal

NOWHERE in the records of JOHN BULL is to be found a case revealing such official callousness towards the dead and the living as has occurred in connection with the death of Mrs. Annie Elsey in the Hampshire town of Romsey.

Mrs Elsey, aged seventy-four, like her husband, who is nearly eighty, lived in Romsey since childhood.

For some years Mrs. Elsey had been in poor health from a heart affliction, and, latterly, was liable to collapse.

On the night she died, shortly after ten o'clock, she was being assisted upstairs to her room by her husband when she suddenly swooned, and, before he could clutch her, fell backwards to the foot of the staircase.

Dr. E. Snow Rose, a local practitioner, was called, but life was extinct.

The doctor gave instructions that under no circumstances was the body to be moved from where it fell—with the head at the kitchen door and the feet at the bottom of the stairs—until the police had examined it.

Strange reception

He suggested that Mr. and Mrs. Elsey's son, who was formerly well known in the southern counties as a football referee, should report the death to the police.

When Mr. Elsey, junr., reached the police station, an extraordinary reception in such circumstances was given him.

The officer to whom he gave the particulars of his mother's death and explained that the doctor had said she must lie where she died until the police arrived, entered the information in a book.

He then said he had just come to the station from duty in the town, and, as he did not propose to call any of the other officers who slept in the precincts of the station, nothing would be done until morning.

Next day, nearly twelve hours after Mrs. Elsey's death, a constable called at the house to take statements and view the body.

All that time the aged husband and his family had to undergo the terrible ordeal of seeing Mrs. Elsey lying between the door and the stairs, and each time they moved from room to room or went upstairs they had to stride across the body.

Yet the police, had they possessed a groat of imagination, must have known what pain their inaction was causing in the Elsey home.

Galling delay

It is incredible, too, that they should delay for so long taking evidence regarding a death which obviously required immediate enquiry.

The policeman who went to the house to examine the position of the body and obtain statements from witnesses was about to leave, when Mr. Elsey, junr., pointed out that there was only himself and his frail old father there. He asked if assistance could be given in having his mother, who was tall and unusually heavy, carried to an empty room.

The officer himself then helped them to remove the body.

But the indignities attending the death of this old lady and her bereaved ones did not end here. Far from it.

For three days Mrs. Elsey lay in her coffin and shroud ready for burial, and most of her friends had called to pay respect to the dead.

Then on the afternoon of the third day Dr. Rose returned to the house.

He saw old Mr. Elsey and his two daughters, and told them that as the authorities were not satisfied with the cause of death, he had been instructed to hold a post-mortem examination.

Horror

Although naturally surprised that such a course was considered necessary and at the lateness of the decision, the husband and daughters could offer no objection.

They were astounded when the doctor next informed them that he would make the examination there and then—in the cottage, in the very room where the dead woman lay.

The doctor asked to be provided with a six-foot board and trestles upon which to perform his operation, and asked the members of the family present to make the necessary preparations.

Horrified, the sisters sent for their brother who, when he arrived, found the doctor in a white coat preparing his instruments. Trestles could not be obtained, and so two tables were put together alongside the bier for the transfer of the body.

The son, already stricken with grief, was amazed when he found that there was no one available to help the doctor lift the remains out of the coffin.

He was naturally reluctant to do so himself, and undertaker's assistants were then sent for and the doctor began his work.

The sounds of it were plainly heard by the family in the next room, and so terrible was their torture that they had to leave the house.

After an hour and a half the doctor left, expressing regret for the unavoidable condition in which he had left the death chamber. Great care, he advised, should be taken in replacing the corpse in the coffin, because, in addition to opening the body, it had been necessary to remove the scalp.

Ghastly scene

When the son went to the room his mother's body was upon the tables covered with a sheet.

Assistance had to be obtained before the body could be bandaged and replaced in the coffin.

We do not suggest for a moment that the doctor acted unprofessionally in any way. He performed a duty which was doubtless as repellent to him as it was to the bereaved family with sympathetic consideration.

What cannot be countenanced is that in a borough like Romsey, and a great county like Hampshire, with its publicly-maintained hospitals and mortuaries, the authorities should require a family to endure an ordeal of this kind within their home.

As the doctor found by his post-mortem examination that Mrs. Elsey died not from the fall downstairs but from heart-failure, Mr. Percy Ingoldby, the county coroner, did not hold an inquest.

There has therefore been no publicity regarding the events which followed the woman's death.

Perhaps the Home Office will now take action to prevent repetitions both of the police behaviour in this case and the ghastliness of a post-mortem operation being undertaken in a bereaved family's home.

Our Great Offer

If the response to our wonderful Million-and-a-Half Sale Celebration offer, which we made last week, is any indication of the measure of our readers' appreciation, they must have been truly delighted with this magnificent souvenir offer.

All applications for the £1 Dictionary and Cross-Word Companion, as clearly stated on the supplement which appeared in our issue last week, must, in order to be eligible be received not later than Monday next, June 6. If you have not yet posted your Reservation, do so at once.

This offer is the greatest thing of its kind that has ever been made. We are sure that you will not want to miss it.

Seaside Stockbroker's Coups

AN astonishing story of deceit and fraud lies behind the recent activities of an enterprising stockbroker who hit upon the original plan of forsaking the City for the seaside.

Mr. Douglas McKinnon is the broker in question, and while he has undoubtedly done very well indeed out of it, his clients have been left considerably poorer than when they first listened to his convincing stories.

Until recently, McKinnon occupied an office in one of the principal business streets in the fashionable Devonshire resort of Torquay.

* * *

He made no secret of his choice of headquarters. Experience gained in London, he explained, had shown him that some of his best clients were wealthy people living in retirement in different resorts upon the South Coast.

Many, indeed, were resident in Torquay itself, so he had decided to make that town his centre with a view to building up a select *clientele*.

In circulars, which he distributed fairly widely, he impressed upon people the advantages of having an experienced broker on the spot so that they could entrust their business to him or consult him on any investment questions without any of the delays or disadvantages that were inevitable when dealing with brokers in London.

* * *

Mr. McKinnon went further and placed his comprehensive service at the disposal of local clients. He was in constant touch with the Stock Exchange, he declared, and was also in receipt of exclusive information regarding the trend of the market.

Those who got into communication with him and were favoured with interviews found Mr. Douglas McKinnon quite as impressive as his circulars suggested.

He showed by his conversation that he was perfectly at home with all phases of finance, and he found no difficulty in persuading a number of wealthy persons to appoint him as their financial adviser.

Soon he was being kept quite busily employed arranging share transactions, and he was always prompt in issuing contract notes in every case.

Various sums of money, ranging from £250 to £2,000, were entrusted to his care; but the clients got nothing beyond the original contract notes.

When they began to press for their stock or share certificates, Mr. Douglas McKinnon suavely put them off with various excuses.

The time came, however, when excuses would not suffice, and the seaside stockbroker then declared that sudden disaster had overwhelmed him and he had no alternative but to file his petition in bankruptcy.

* * *

But he did not stay to see things through. With angry clients assailing him from all sides he suddenly solved his difficulties by disappearing from the district. That was a few weeks ago, and no one has been able to trace him.

Meanwhile, the difficulties of his disillusioned clients are not so easily solved, for it is now abundantly clear that no stock or shares were ever purchased in their name and that McKinnon simply misappropriated their moneys.

A GUNMAN'S WARNING

GANGS Must BR

NEVER before has this country faced so grave a menace from crimes of violence as it does to-day.

And never was a warning more needed of what will happen if the gangster and the grafter ever rule us, as they now rule America.

For that reason we publish here the first of a sensational series of revelations — written by a gunman himself.

He is a young Englishman, recently deported from the United States, who served three years in the great San Quentin Penitentiary of California. Previous to going to America he served three years at Dartmoor.

by JAMES SPENSER

FIVE thousand convicts in San Quentin, California, rocked with laughter when they read about the Dartmoor "mutiny."

They didn't believe it possible for anybody to make a serious fuss about "a little jam" like that.

Why, in San Quentin, even while I was there, there were two guards killed and at least a dozen prisoners shot and the New York papers never even heard about it!

I'm glad to be back in England even as a deportee. I was a gangster and a gunman in the States, and it's a relief to be out of the shadow of sudden death.

It is a relief, even to me, to be home in a country where there is such a thing as security; to meet people who can understand honesty; to smile at folk who can't see that the Dartmoor "scandal" isn't a scandal at all—it's a monument to the national integrity.

I know the 'Moor. I was there for three years for burglary. I had a fair trial, and I richly deserved my sentence.

Marco's "frame-up"

And I got a fair lead at Dartmoor. They try to reform you there. They give you a chance to learn a trade. They are not punitive, but they make everyone work and work hard enough to know that penal servitude is punishment.

I was at San Quentin for three years and a bit, also for burglary. I ought to have gone there on any one of half a dozen other charges from grand larceny up to shooting with intent, but, as it happened, I wasn't guilty of the burglary charge.

There had been no burglary. The whole case was a "frame-up." Marco, the big racket chief of Los Angeles, had just begun to be annoyed by my own boss, Niley Payne, and, since all the Los Angeles police were in Marco's pay, he thought it would be easier to "get" our gang with a false charge than to "bump us off."

Niley Payne didn't go easily. He shot one policeman dead and wounded another on the first round up and got clear away. A week later a bunch of under-sheriffs—also Marco men—smashed his arm in a street shooting match, and took him to the county jail.

Two pals of mine, also in Payne's gang, and I myself were rounded up with guns in our ribs, and we went quietly. It was no good fighting the case. Asa Keyes, District Attorney of Los Angeles County, was prosecuting, and he was on Marco's pay roll.

Over here you simply can't understand a thing like that any more than my fellow convicts at San Quentin could understand the little trouble at Dartmoor.

Let me make it clear that a district attorney is one place higher up than the mayor. He is generally regarded as a good bet for the next governorship. In prestige and position you could compare him fairly enough with, say, the High Sheriff of an English county.

My two friends and I—the smaller men in Niley Payne's gang—got indeterminate sentences of from one to fifteen years. There is nothing like that in England. A sentence is a sentence here.

They didn't even try to get the chief—that's Niley Payne—for first degree murder. He had too much money and too many friends for that. He would have fought them into the Federal courts first.

Instead, they sentenced him for one year to twenty years for a second degree killing, and he took that without appeal because his record was pretty bad.

Don't forget Asa Keyes was prosecuting us. We were just three or four out of fifteen hundred men he sent to "The Big House"—half of them at least on "framed" charges.

Less than a year later Keyes was in San Quentin himself. There had been a political earthquake in Los Angeles. Marco's gang was out and Keyes went with it.

They got him for "accepting bribes and conspiring to defeat the ends of justice." It was a fifty million dollar case, and the papers were full of it.

It may give you some idea of what things are like in an American jail when I tell you they had to put Asa Keyes in "Old Man's Row," a block of buildings isolated from the rest of the prison. If they hadn't done that he would have been killed by one of the few hundred men who owed him a death grudge. Nothing could have stopped it.

As it was, with all his money and influence outside, Keyes did only nineteen months. Two years was his *minimum* legal sentence, but they bent the law a bit for a really big guy like him. He was in and out of San Quentin before I left.

Now, I don't expect anybody to care about me, and I'm not shouting for sympathy, but things I saw in San Quentin made me feel like bursting to tell the story. I paid ten dollars to a warder to smuggle a letter out for me to JOHN BULL, saying that if ever I got away I could spill a real earfull. I am doing it now, and all the fuss about Dartmoor makes me keener than ever.

I tried all I knew to make the boys in San Quentin believe what I told them about England. I swore that you couldn't bribe the police for anything serious. They wouldn't believe me.

Corruption's reign

I swore that the warders in Dartmoor and the other big "pens" had nothing more than their pay, and got their jobs on merit. They laughed at me.

I told them that a million dollars wouldn't swing a verdict in an English court with an English judge and an English jury. They said: "Aw, quit kidding, will yer!"

Very well; they haven't the mentality to believe things like that—which are quite outside all modern American experience. I want to see if I can make English people believe what things are like *there*—things outside their experience just the same way.

First of all, in big American cities there is no justice. The police are bought, the courts are bought, the juries are bought and, whenever it is necessary, the judge is bought.

Second, the grafters and the racketeers are just as strong inside prison as out of it. If you have the right gang behind you, you can have a good time; if you have no money and no "political" pull, you will go through the closest imitation of hell since the days of the Spanish Inquisition.

Third, every warder and prison officer in America is a "political" nominee. They don't care a hoot about their salaries because they can make ten times as much through graft. They all take bribes, from the warden down. Any official ought to be able to retire in comfort after five years' grafting in any big "pen."

And, finally—but that's another story and a bigger one—American city life from coast to coast is rotten with the rackets.

The very tradesmen who pay their weekly tribute to the gangs have ceased to protest. They make more money inside the racket than they would do in a free market. The

The horror of a prison mutiny realistic depicted in the film, "The Big Hou which was modelled closely upon Quentin Penitentiary

...that Cannot be Ignored

...and GRAFT

...Never Rule

...TAIN

The corrupt District Attorney, Asa Keyes, sent to San Quentin on bribery and conspiracy convictions

public foots the whole bill—just 100 per cent.

Let's go back to San Quentin. Theoretically every prisoner there has to start off with thirteen months in the jute mill, making a hundred yards of sacking a day on old looms, in an atmosphere which breeds tuberculosis.

None actually goes to the mill but the poor devils who have no money and no "pull." I didn't work a day there myself because I had a little money of my own, and I had Niley Payne's influence behind me.

If, as I was, you are "one of the bunch," prison is almost a joke in America. You can smoke anywhere except in the mess hall. You can bring in, officially, two pounds' worth of tobacco, sweets and biscuits a month.

You can have sent to you any books, newspapers and magazines you like to order except the local paper. I used to take an English weekly newspaper, JOHN BULL, and the Sunday supplement of the *New York Times*.

You can talk just as you please with the other convicts. You can play, officially, baseball and football and draughts and chess. Unofficially you can play cards and gamble to beat the band with the "bulls" (warders) passing by and not lifting an eyelid.

The "black hole"

You can do all this and, provided you "come across" with a few dollars a month regularly to the "boss of the shop," you can get appointed to any workshop you choose, and please yourself whether you do a day's work or loaf all day long.

That's American jail life for a man with money or political pull.

Nobody even thinks of reform. There are "gun bulls" (armed warders) patrolling the great outside wall of San Quentin, and there are machine-gun towers dotted along the edge of the prison reservation beyond that.

The "gun bulls" don't care what you do inside. They just shoot you dead if you attempt to escape.

But, if you really have no money and no friends, then God help you! You'll be in the jute mill, and you will have to do not only the hundred yards task, which is a day's desperate hard work, but probably a hundred and twenty yards to make up for the twenty yards short done by some other poor wretch, who has just enough money to hand over a couple of packets of tobacco or candy once a week to one of the gang chiefs.

If you make any fuss they clap you into the dungeon—the black hole—until your spirit is broken or, in extreme cases, until you go mad and they take you out and dump you in "Crazy Alley."

The lifer's fortune

I have been inside the black hole twice with a message. There are about eighteen or twenty cells, opening out on a main corridor in an underground dungeon.

The cells have steel doors and a concrete floor. They are 7 ft. long by 4 ft. broad. They contain nothing at all except a sanitary bucket. There is no window, and the darkness is solid black.

Prisoners in the "black hole" get bread and water, and nothing else.

Thirty days is supposed to be a maximum sentence, but, if the "bulls" are down on you, they take you out at the end of the thirty days, walk you into the sunshine, put on your ordinary uniform again, give you half an hour, and then put you back into the black hole once more for another thirty days until you die, or go mad, or "come to heel."

I have referred to the jute mill. That was controlled by a Mexican "lifer" named Marino. Your task was regulated by him and his men. Your loom was kept working smoothly, or constantly breaking down, at his command. If you didn't "come across" with the agreed weekly tribute, Marino could speak to the guards and get you sent to "the hole."

When I left San Quentin, Marino's personal ledger account on the prison books stood at over five thousand dollars (£1,000 nominal)—every penny of it made inside the jail! And nobody knows how many thousands of dollars he had sent to his friends outside.

Dangerous injustice

"How did he manage to get that money on the books?" you may ask. Nothing simpler. When he had collected a few hundred in graft, he would bribe a guard to take it outside the jail and post it back to his credit! The guard took 25 per cent. for his pains.

That is merely one instance of ordinary prison graft. What I want to stress is the contrast between the system at San Quentin and that at Dartmoor.

In Dartmoor every man has the consolation—and it *is* a consolation, believe me!—of knowing that he is no worse off than the others. Penal servitude there is terrible, but it is backed by justice.

In San Quentin men grow murderous. The injustice all round them makes them see red. No boy in the world, no matter how reckless he is or how full of crazy gangland film "romance," would dream of joining up with the gangs if he had any idea of the way in which youngsters go through hell in an American "pen."

In the American jails you see the gangster and the gunman stripped of all glamour. They are not pretty to watch, but I wish some of the kids over here could watch them just for a day or two. It might cure them of a lot of silly notions.

I will tell you more about life in San Quentin next week, but, just to emphasise the contrast between conditions there and in Dartmoor, I'd like to say now that during the three years I was there more than one hundred and fifty policemen arrived as convicts—guilty of bribery, or shootings, or gangster work on their own account!

Prison plots

While I was there I saw one gangster murder another in the mess hall and get lynched by the mob immediately afterwards.

Two warders were fatally knifed and three others badly hurt in different affrays during the same period.

At least twelve prisoners were shot dead with or without pretext.

Drugs and alcohol were peddled in vast quantities by the warders themselves.

And almost every man there spent a lot of his time plotting with his pals the crimes they meant to do when they got out.

Do you wonder I laugh when they talk about the Dartmoor "scandal"? The prison officers of England, like the police, are white men. They do not take bribes. They treat the criminal fairly.

Does England treat *them* fairly? Does it pay them a wage that puts them beyond the reach of ordinary temptation?

I don't know, but I know this: if ever the day comes when the police and prison officials are disaffected and when they cease to be incorruptible, that day will mark the beginning of the rise of the gangster and the racketeer in this country.

Next Week—

HOW NOT TO BREED GANGSTERS

HERE'S A BUCKLE THAT CANNOT SHIFT
An amazingly ingenious construction giving a cam or wedge action ensures that the new patented Bolenium Non-Slip Buckle stays where you put it.
The greater the strain, the tighter its grip—yet it is surprisingly simple to adjust. Made of solid brass, there is nothing to rust. Only fitted to Boleniums—the Super Overalls, smartly cut in stout grease proof material. Toughest of the tough. Bib and Brace 6/6.
DETACHABLE NOT SEWN ON
Patent No. 370818
BOLENIUM
Super-Overalls
Worn by the man who knows
Ask your outfitter. If you have any difficulty, write: BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept. L.), Upton Park, London, E.13.

THE HAY FEVER BOGEY

Good News

Any person who gets Hay Fever *knows* it to be the most miserable, the most pitiless of afflictions. Why do they continue to put up with it? They would gladly, joyously do *anything* to escape from the wretchedness of its clutches. Then why don't they—it's so very simple, so easy, so inexpensive to find relief! Listen!

Nearly every household in this country has a bottle of Milton, and knows that it is to be relied upon for whatever they first tried it for. Well, in the new (orange and white covered) Book of Directions which is now packed with every bottle of Milton the use numbered 41 of the 154 uses which are explained in this book tells you how to relieve Hay Fever—easily, quickly, with certainty. Every Hay Fever season the the makers receive hundreds of letters from grateful users calling down blessings upon Milton for giving them quick, welcome relief from this pitiless affliction.

Some people fall into a very common error—they try to use it *stronger* than directed. That's a mistake. The Direction (No. 41) explains why. Too strong a mixture does no harm, but it won't give the promised relief. A mild mixture (just as directed) never fails to give instantly the needed, the longed-for relief from this hideous distress.

Do *you* have Hay Fever? And have *you* ever tried Milton for it—tried it *as directed*, mind? A bottle of Milton fluid doesn't cost a fortune, just sixpence! Why not try it to-day?

A Poignant Cameo Tale—

A DOG'S Chance

THAT virtue we call "manhood," and which in itself constitutes so many good qualities, is a jewel of divers bright facets and much rarer than one might suppose. And this jewel, once lost, is seldom found again, and then only through pain or a diligent care.

Tommy Frayne, starting in life with so much to lose, had been steadily and consistently losing all his days; fortune, position, money, friends, the woman he had loved, all had gone, and, lastly, his self-respect.

So to-night he meant to finish his career of ineptitude once and for all, and, being a Londoner born and bred, had decided to end his troubles and float away from his sordid miseries on the broad bosom of the old river.

Thus, then, upon this sad autumnal evening, he shuffled along in his broken shoes, hands in empty pockets, thin shoulders hunched in his ragged coat, prepared to lose this world, or the vivid awareness of it that is called Life, with the same apparent unconcern and stoical indifference that he had lost everything else; for Tommy Frayne had been what is termed a "game loser."

He trudged slowly on, while evening deepened to night, unheeding the stir and bustle around him, the rumble and clang of tramcars, the hoot of smooth-speeding taxis, the ceaseless patter of hurrying feet, pausing now and then to peer down at this dim mystery, the immemorial river, its dark waters flashing suddenly, here and there, to the light of countless lamps or burning with colours opalescent to the flare of some glittering sky-sign.

The Friend

Being a gentleman of infinite leisure he went very much at his leisure until Big Ben, a distant pallid disc 'twixt heaven and earth, began to chime the eleventh hour, and Tom Frayne, leaning nonchalant, listened to this so familiar sound with a strange, soft-breathed attention, since he was very sure Big Ben was speaking to him for the last time.

"And that's—that!" quoth he, when the deep reverberation had died, humming to silence. "And now for supper. As well go hence full as empty."

So saying, he shuffled on until he had reached a bench almost opposite a broad flight of steps that led down to the river's verge.

Here, seated crosslegged at his ease, he fished from sagging coat-pocket a screwed-up paper bag, wherefrom he extracted a crust of bread, a wedge of cheese, and an onion. . . .

Something rubbed against his leg, and, glancing down, he saw two eyes very bright and wistful, a stump of tail, and, in between, a woefully gaunt, disreputable shagginess; and these wistful eyes pleaded with a profound eloquence beyond all words, a scrawny ear cocked itself, a stumpy tail wagged, quivered.

"Hal-lo, old boy!" exclaimed Tommy, reaching hand to this shaggy head that became suddenly abject. "Are there two of us? Are you likewise up against it, down and absolutely out, too, old chap? Eh? What's that? You never had a dog's chance, d'ye tell me?

"Well, neither did I, my lad, no. I had a man's chance—dozens of 'em—and somehow I've missed 'em every one, old fellow—except this last, this greatest chance of all, and I shan't miss that! Meantime, I'll to supper; let's eat. I suppose you're hungry?"

Adoration

The dog sat up and uttered a short, muffled yelp, his bright eyes upraised to the man's pallid, unshaven face.

"Yes, I thought so; starving, of course!" sighed Tommy, and offered a piece of bread that instantly vanished . . and the bright eyes pleaded, the stumpy tail wagged. Tommy held out a piece of cheese that incontinent was not . . . and the eyes, these wide, bright, wistful eyes . . .

"Exactly, my lad," murmured Tommy, "but what about me? I'm pretty ravenous, too!"

The dog, eyes intent, sat down, close against Tommy's leg, and made quick, soft thumping noises with his brief tail.

So, chunk by chunk, Tommy parted with his supper, as he had done with all other of his worldly goods, watching the dog's gulping ecstasy with eyes very wistful also.

"Yes, I thought so; starving, of course," sighed Tommy and offered a piece of bread

"And that's the last, my boy," said he, tossing his onion into the river. "You've cleaned me out, and now it's for you to slink off—like all the rest of 'em. So hook it—away with you."

But, instead of so doing, the dog butted his head against Tommy's knee, shot pink tongue, a little tentatively, towards his nearest hand; then, crouching at his feet, gazed up at him with such look that in human eyes might have been called adoration.

"Ha!" quoth Tommy, pulling an ear. "And when we mean to insult a fellow that's a pestiferous blighter and what not, we call him—a dog!

"Well, I suppose you had a name once—Bob, or Pincher, or Havoc—but my name for you would be Demosthenes, though I'll swear that old timer, with all his oratory, eloquence and what not, could never have wheedled me out of my last meal. . . .

"And yonder a bobby eyes us unkindly and askance, Demosthenes. Thus the word for us is—mizzle, thou thy way and I mine. . . . And now for a long good-night!"

So Tommy arose, a little wearily, and went slouching back again, past the aloof yet watchful policeman, shuffling on, hands in pockets, his haggard gaze upon the flowing river, whose silent waters, flecked by a myriad lights, showed only the more awful a profound and gloomy immensity.

Yet to Tommy, who knew it so well, and who had boated, fished and swum it in happier days, it seemed a familiar friend rather than thing of dread, wooing him to a blessed surcease, to that forgetfulness of earthly woes that is the haven of the broken-hearted, the hopeless and the weakling without the stark valour to live and strive on in despite of Circumstance—in fine, of such poor and broken human flotsam as Tommy himself.

So, as he shuffled on, he eyed it with an ever-growing intensity, until at last he stopped to lean down and peer, to glance furtively left and right along pavements that were more deserted now. . . .

The Plunge

Something brushed his leg, and espying Demosthenes again, Tommy swore pettishly and kicked, whereat the dog, inured to such human amenities, retreated and sat down patiently on his tail, but with look of such anguished reproach that instinctively Tommy answered it:

"Sorry, my boy, but you shouldn't be such a fool—to follow a down-and-out like me. Go and find someone else—get out!"

Demosthenes removed himself a yard and sat down again, head aslant and ear cocked, whereat Tommy cursed him and slouched on . . . to a flight of steps . . down these steps to where the river

—by JEFFERY FARNOL

lapped hungrily and lit by a lamp immediately above.

A short muffled yelp, and, starting about, Tommy saw the dog seated three steps above him, and, snatching off his hat, he hurled it at those bright, appealing eyes.

But the hat flew wide, the dog scuttered off to retrieve it, and in that moment Tommy drew deep breath, turned and leaped. . . .

An icy darkness that swept him away, a chill that was of death. No—there was the row of countless lights again, he heard the blare of a motor-horn . . then stifling darkness enguifed him.

But Tommy had been a powerful swimmer, and now, though his soul courted death and oblivion, his body yearned for life, and, rising to the surface, his limbs struck out instinctively.

Tommy laughed, swore, and, in the act of throwing up his hands, heard a gasping whine, saw in a patch of radiance a small, shaggy, wet head, with eyes wide and staring in passionate supplication.

"Oh, hell!" gasped Tommy. "Demosthenes . . . you fool! Come on, then . . after me!" Another whine that ended in a piteous choke. . . . Tommy saw these bright eyes suddenly quenched.

"What are ye . . . done, lad? By God, he'll never make it!" Tommy dived, found and clutched that sinking shagginess, and rose to lights and air again.

Out *of the* Depths

The old river has known many and many an agonised struggle for life, has heard many a bubbling cry of wild despair, but never struggle more grimly desperate than the battle of this starving man to save this starving, lop-eared cur.

For the current ran strong, and Tommy, enfeebled by privation, hampered by the dog and his own sodden clothes, was dragged down and swept away . . . down to a roaring darkness . . . up to a swirl of lights that spun past giddily . . . vague shapes, huge, monstrous, yet scarcely glimpsed ere they were gone. . . .

Down to the gloom of choking death, up again to air and life, a life growing ever weaker . . . yet still he clutched Demosthenes.

He was whirled beneath the rushing gloom of a bridge . . . out again and on, struggling feebly, but with a grim resolution. For the Man in him was awake and doing at last.

Death lured him, like kindly friend, with proffer of the weakling's haven, respite from pain, trouble and needless travail; Death glared on him like bitter

foe certain of victory—but Tommy the Man strove, as conqueror must, with heart and brain, body, soul and will, with his every nerve, muscle and sinew, to the limit of his strength—and just beyond.

Thus strove he, weak but indomitable, keeping afloat by his mere water-sense. . . . A red glare ahead of him . . . a delirium of painful, ceaseless effort, failing body upborne by dauntless will.

And then—oh, blessed respite!—he was out of the furious tide-race, the red glare flickered now . . . and Demosthenes was swimming beside him. . . .

A huge bulk that loomed above them, nearer . . nearer yet . . . slimy timbering that changed to stone . . . to a flight of slimy steps.

And so—out of the depths, up from the river, up from the death he had sought—crawled Tommy, the dog beneath his arm, and found himself on a small jetty with tumble-down sheds and new masonry at one end, and before these a red-glowing fire in a brazier.

Thither he staggered, gasping, shivering, half-dead, and, sinking down in this grateful warmth, closed his eyes . . . opened them to see a whiskered face topped by battered, peaked cap bent over him.

"What-o, mate!" said the face, in accents hoarse yet kindly. "Where you come from, I wonders?"

"The river."

"Then you'll be as wet as ye looks. Come and set down in my box; soon dry there." Somehow Tommy found himself in a kind of large sentry-box, and with Demosthenes crouched between his feet.

"And wot was you a-doing of in the river, mate?"

"Drowning myself."

"Lumme! . . . Well, why ain't you? Why come out afore you was drownded?"

"To save my dog . . . had to . . . absolutely!"

"Dog? Love a duck! And he ain't much to look at!"

"Neither am I, for that matter. But we're both better than we look."

"Could ye eat some stoo, mate? Though it's a bit coldish."

"Eat? Ye gods! Try me, friend, try me."

So Tommy ate ravenously, then dozed a while until the kindly watchman roused him and he saw it was dawn, with promise of a golden day.

"It's home and bed for me, mate—and wot for you? Sooicide, eh? Going to try it again?"

"Not likely!" answered Tom Frayne, rising. "You see, old chap, I shall have to—er—give my dog a chance, and what not . . . and besides, there's always—To-morrow, with a capital T."

"Why, then, good-bye, mate, and good luck!"

"The same to you, and—my hearty thanks—both our thanks! . . . Come on, Demosthenes, old chap!"

So, man and dog, they went to face the chance of this new day together, the dawn bright above them, and it was to be noted that the dog's stumpy tail was jauntily a-cock and the man, chin up and shoulders squared, shuffled no more.

Next Week's Cameo Tale

"The Truth at Last"

by DENIS MACKAIL

Now he can RETIRE!

A WELSH collier, who, after forty-three years of hard and unremitting toil underground, had still earned insufficient to allow him to retire, realised with amazement last week that he need not go to work any more, for he had won the £3,000 Crossword prize in JOHN BULL.

Mr. Daniel Jenkins, the winner of the biggest one-paper Crossword prize ever offered, lives in his whitewashed cottage with the grand name of Lloyds Bank House, in the little mining town of Llandebie, Carmarthenshire, South Wales.

"My health was beginning to fail," said Mr. Jenkins to a JOHN BULL representative, "and now it is good to know that I shall have enough to keep me for the rest of my life."

"I was determined to win," he declared, "and when I read that the last winner was a South Wales man living in Ynyshir I said to myself that I would be the next man."

The youngest of eleven children, Mr. Jenkins was given little opportunity for education, and was taken from school at the age of twelve to go down the pit.

"I am keeping on with the competitions," he declared. "What I say to competitors is, Stick to it, success is bound to come. Besides, I prefer the Crosswords in JOHN BULL to those in any other newspaper, because you don't have to put your name on the back of the envelope or watch for the results being published and then make a claim."

Now turn to page 32 for particulars of our record £2,000 one-week offer. Amuse yourself with the puzzle squares for half an hour this evening and the biggest one-week Crossword prize we have ever offered may be your reward.

"The Greatest of These—"

WARM *these* HEARTS!

"AFTER all these years of struggle, I wouldn't part with her for the world," gasped Rosie's mother. The Public Assistance Committee would not help her, as it wanted her to go into the institution, and this would have meant parting for her and Rosie.

"She is a thorough good girl—a lovely girl," she added, with a tender, wistful look in her troubled eyes. "She did all my work for me when I was laid up. And she goes out collecting bits of wood to sell when we haven't any money."

Rosie is a shy little girl, close on thirteen years old. Her mother's troubles started some twelve years ago, when her husband deserted her. For the last three years she has earned a living by taking in washing but has had to give up on account of her asthma.

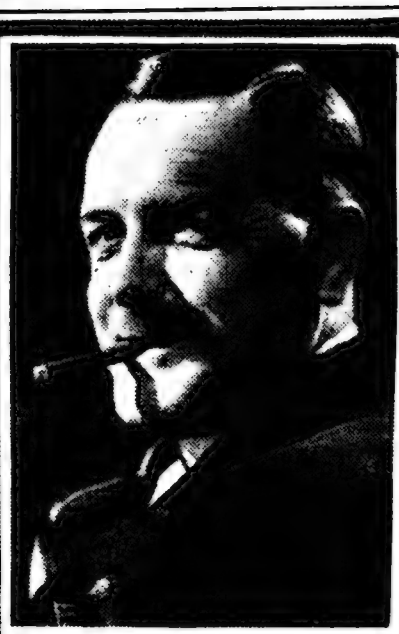
Her rent of 5s a week is behind and she has now nothing left to sell or pawn. A pawnticket for 4s. 6d. represents the quilt and sheets she took off the bed to provide food.

Her hope lies in the possession of an icecream freezer, for if she had a capital of a little under £2, she could buy icecream and procure the wafers and necessary outfit. Then, given warm weather and sunshine, she can average a profit sufficient for the needs of herself and the little girl.

* * *

Our readers cannot guarantee the sunshine and warm weather, but they can warm the hearts of a troubled woman and her child by sending subscriptions to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given

Lists of subscriptions received can be seen at this office, and the current week's list will be sent on application.



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says Binnie Hale

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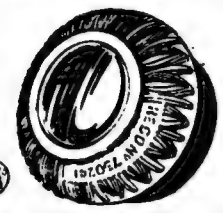

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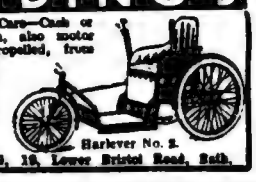

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CHOOSING His CAREER

Should FATHER *or* SON *Decide?*

HUMAN DOCUMENTS —Probed by PHILIP INMAN

THE problems of life are not confined to the middle-aged and the elderly. They affect many of those who are standing on the threshold of life.

And let me say at once that it will always be a pleasure to hear from any of my young readers who feel that I can help them. I have every sympathy with them in their difficulties.

I know that all too often the problems of adolescence are looked upon as trivial by many a grown-up. That will certainly not be the attitude I shall adopt towards them.

I shall try to look at things from their point of view and give the advice and help of one who has passed through the particular phase they are experiencing. I am not too old to have forgotten what youth is like. Nor am I too young to be incapable of guiding them to a right decision.

* * *

On my desk is a letter from a young fellow of seventeen. The question he raises is a serious one—serious not only to him, but to his father.

He tells me that he has just left school, where he must have done uncommonly well, for he has passed the difficult matriculation examination with flying colours. And he goes on to say:

"My father has always insisted that I enter his office and follow his profession as an architect. He says he has built up his business in the hope that I shall be able to carry it on when the time comes for him to retire.

"This idea is simply distasteful to me, and although my mother takes my part it only leads to unpleasantness. I really would like to become a doctor, as chemistry and physics were my pet subjects at school. But my father says that if I do so I shall have to make my own way in life and he will not do anything to help me.

"What I would like to know is whether you think it is right for him to adopt this attitude and if you consider I am selfish in mine?

"You may think it is wrong for a boy to go outside his own home for advice, and that he ought to do as his father wishes. If so, I am sorry to have troubled you and hope you will forgive me."

No, my lad, whatever your father may think, you have not done wrong in writing to me.

There is something to be said for your father's point of view. Business in these days does not come easily, and if he has succeeded in building up a lucrative connection he will naturally not want to see his efforts ultimately go to seed.

If architecture had been in your blood it would have been delightful for him and for you. But as it is not he ought to recognise the fact and make the best of the situation.

It is the limit of foolishness to force anyone into work which is distasteful to him. No one can ever hope to succeed if his heart is not in his job.

I would remind the father of my correspondent that a good doctor is far better than an indifferent architect. I hope he will see the force of this and will help the lad to make a success of his life. That is what I conceive to be his plain duty.

It is a sound rule to allow young folk to become that for which they are best fitted both by gift and by inclination.

A good many of my correspondents complain bitterly that they were thrust into work absolutely abhorrent to them.

Here is one of them:

"When I left school at fourteen I was apprenticed to a joiner because my parents thought I ought to have a trade at my finger tips. Now, at twenty-three, I feel that I am a square peg in a round hole, and am not the least bit interested in my work.

"I spend all my spare time tinkering with motor-cars and wireless, and can do almost anything in the mechanical line. I would give anything to get out of my present job, as I feel that I am wasting my life. But my father is now dead and my mother is dependent upon me."

And there are tens of thousands more like this young fellow.

I am not altogether blaming the modern parent. When a lad leaves school it is often essential to find some occupation in order to help the family finances.

What I do feel is that our educational system is at fault. Children are made to slog at such subjects as grammar, arithmetic, and the like. All these things are necessary in their way, but what is wrong is that they are not allowed to develop their natural aptitude.

Either while at school, or on school-leaving age, I would like to see some training scheme inaugurated whereby young people could, by actual experience of various trades and professions, select the one for which they are most suited. If this were done, what a happier and more efficient country this would be.

There is another point to bear in mind in this career question. Some parents are so ambitious for their children that they allow them to choose an occupation the training for which is beyond their means. The motive is good, the result often calamitous. The danger is that the children will become too big for their own parents.

Of such a one a mother writes to me:

"We are only working folk," she says, "and we were blessed with one boy. We thought it right to give him a good education, even though we had to go without ourselves to do so. We sent him to a good school and kept him there until he was eighteen. Then he went on to college to train as a teacher. He is now the second master in a grammar school.

"He seldom writes to us, and has not been to see us for two years. Our little home does not seem to be good enough for him. We are growing old now, and it seems rather hard after all we did for him."

"I want to be a doctor—but my father has always insisted that I enter his office"

It is—desperately hard. To use a Yorkshire phrase, that lad is one of those who "can't carry corn." He has been spoilt by success. I hope if by chance he reads these words he will feel ashamed of himself and will do the right thing by his parents, who have done so much for him.

That is the risk that every parent takes when educating their children above their own station in life. But, thank God, all sons are not like this fellow.

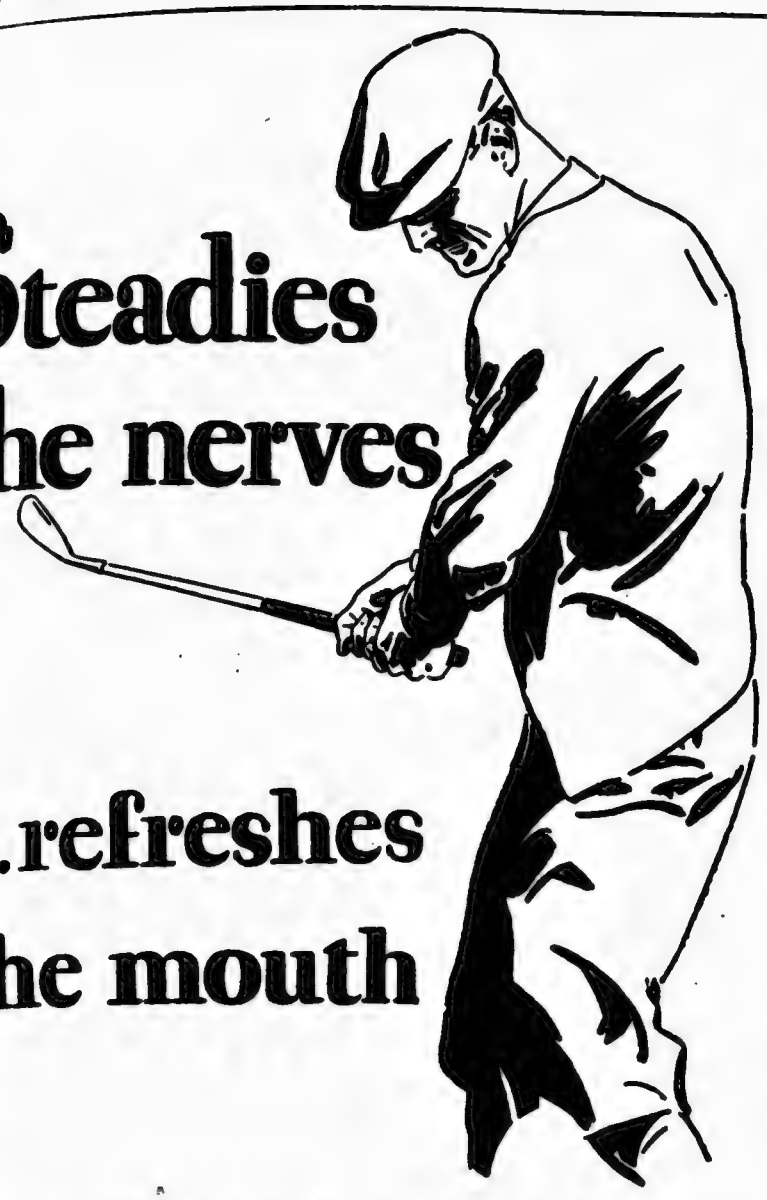
I know many a successful business man who has risen from humble origin because of his parents' sacrifice and who does everything in his power to show his gratitude. Blessed indeed are the parents who can produce such offspring.

* * *

So I come back to where I started. The lad with natural ability should be encouraged to make his own way in life. But this does not mean the parents need go without themselves.

There are exhibitions and scholarships in these days which open the door to almost every profession. And if a lad is certain of the work he wants to do he will find his way through that door.

PHILIP INMAN is "John Bull's" "Humanist." He is always ready to aid our readers. Won't you let him try to solve your problem? £1 1s. will be paid to the sender of each letter quoted.



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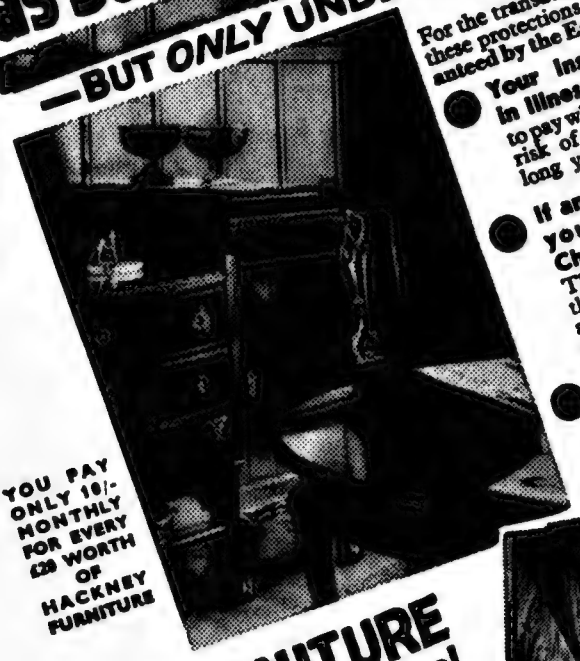

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Squeezing Out the BRIGHT YOUNG MEN

Keep the young brains at home—let youth and experience join hands

THERE can be little doubt that brains of quality are a great asset both to individuals and to nations, and therefore it seems strange that a nation can have too many.

Yet this is the case with Britain!

Most people, I think, will agree with the first part of my statement, and few with the second.

I find it hard to believe it myself, but am forced to the conclusion that it must be so since England is squeezing many of her best brains out of the country and deadening many more by lack of appreciation.

During my travels abroad I have met many Britons in very powerful, highly paid positions. This, at first, filled me with pride of race. "They can say what they like about England being behind the times and old-fashioned," I thought; "but British brains are running many of these great enterprises all over the world."

British engineers, British inventors, British salesmen and managers! Even in the Hollywood film business many of the greatest men are British!

Doubtful pride

But by degrees one's first feeling of pride gives way to doubts. Many of these great combines abroad are very serious competitors of ours. We need all our forces—all our brains to combat them.

The possibility that perhaps we could not spare these men forces itself into one's mind. It would be bad enough if these brains were lost to England, but to have them working in the enemy camp is preposterous.

It is good to have Britons in big positions abroad—men sympathetic to the old country. . . . Bah! We don't want sympathy. We want to win; to be the greatest of all nations. The leaders in thought, in commerce, in humanity. *We want all the brains we can get.*

I was fortunate enough to make friends of many outstanding Britons overseas, and from them I learned the reason for their exile. In nearly all cases it was the same.

They had had ideas. They had tried to persuade their employers to use their ideas They had tried to go ahead, and —and this is the crux of the whole thing—they had wanted appreciation in the form of money. They didn't get it.

"Young man," says the inevitable old man, "when you have been in the business as long as I have . . ." And in response to the request for money: "How much are you earning? £300 a year! Why, when I was your age . . ." and so on.

And so everywhere one goes in the world one finds British brains running great competitive businesses. English brains driven out of England by worn-out old men with worn-out old ideas.

There are innumerable cases one could quote. Great names earning kudos for the countries of their forced adoption. In many cases it has been forgotten, almost by the men themselves, that they are British.

One case in particular stands out in my memory, and though it may not be the greatest, it illustrates the point well.

I had lunched with the head of a large retail musical firm abroad. We had been discussing some of the difficulties of dealing with English manufacturers, and I—though I did not believe my arguments—was trying to protect them.

"Listen," said my friend, "I have been trying to deal with England for years. They tell me how to run my business. They tell me about conditions in my own market, a market they have never seen. It's hopeless. Come back to my showroom and I'll show you something."

I went back to his showroom.

Standing in the place of honour was a giant organ such as we have all seen in innumerable kinemas.

"A Wurlitzer!" I exclaimed.

"No," said my friend, "not a Wurlitzer. That is an English organ we are trying to sell against Wurlitzers."

"Fine," I said. "England coming into the market."

But I was soon disillusioned. The big retailer, himself English, then told me how the manufacturer of Wurlitzers had been employed by the English firm. How he had tried to persuade it to use his ideas, with the usual results.

He had then left for America; was immediately snapped up by an American organ firm, with the result that Wurlitzer organs are installed in most of the great kinemas throughout the world.

And in the few cases where the organ is English it is referred to as a Wurlitzer.

Since returning from abroad I have been trying to find out about conditions here. I have mixed with all classes, from captains of industry to the humblest working men. I have read a good deal about youth's chances, and how youth was coming into its own, and I thought for a moment that perhaps the old order *was* changing.

But young people are not coming into their own while old men can keep them out; and while old men have the money they have the power. They resent young men having bright ideas. They see it as a battle: Youth *versus* Age.

It need not be a battle. They could ally the energy, vitality and new ideas of Youth to the experience of Age, and realise that the young men have a right to be *paid* for their energy, vitality and ideas.

But they will not accept compromise. They must have all. So this fight continues, and both sides lose.

And when they are not driving British brains away they are deadening them. The first thing that struck me about young people on my return to this country was their forced gaiety and, beneath it all, a kind of hopelessness—a deadness.

Too slow progress

My old friends who five years before had been full of enthusiasm and energy were now working listlessly. Most of them had not risen more than a pound a week in those five years. No hope of marriage. No hope of anything; but they didn't seem to care any more.

I enquired after some of the fellows I remembered best—and was answered: "Oh, he got fed-up and went off to China—God knows what he's doing now."

"And old So-and-So? He was a good scout."

"He cleared out somewhere, too—Brazil, I think."

"But those fellows were keen, full of ambition, and they used to work like the devil."

"Keen, yes; but you can't keep on being keen year after year: 'The directors are pleased to inform you that you have an increase of salary—£10 a year!'"

"No, I suppose not," I agreed, and remembered a pal of mine years before throwing the paltry money on the floor and leaving for anywhere the same day. I had met him in Pernambuco, on my wanderings, doing well for an American firm.

Age always wins

In these last few days I have met several young men of a fine type; young men doing big jobs; young men with first-class brains. In all cases they were discontented—some of them anxious to go abroad anywhere; others resigned to their lot. "What can we do?" they ask hopelessly. "We cannot hit back."

Youth—we must fight these old men, and this old system of things, and we must not lose heart. Money—the old men's source of power—has got itself into a muddle. We must not let our brains get into a muddle, too.

by

R. W. Thompson,

the brilliant young author of two "best-sellers"

t the

humblest working men. I have read a good deal about youth's chances, and how youth was coming into its own, and I thought for a moment that perhaps the old order *was* changing.

But young people are not coming into their own while old men can keep them out; and while old men have the money they have the power. They resent young men having bright ideas. They see it as a battle: Age.

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What a relief! Tortured, tired, protesting feet—almost too painful to bear the ground—feet years older than you . . . Give them the blessed benefit of a hot foot bath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it . . . Lucky feet! Petted and pampered and understood—forgetting their troubles, regaining their youth—feet cooled and comforted, ready and willing to dance!

RECKITT'S Bath Cubes

2d. each, and in cartons of three cubes for 6d. or six cubes for 1/-

BRITISH MADE BY RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL & LONDON

TESTED JB

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You must try this new edition of the most popular sweetmeat in the world—a worthy partner to Fry's famous original Chocolate Cream. Indeed it IS the original—the same crisp chocolate, the self-same rich creamy centre. But it has no less than 5 delicious favourite flavours, each marked by name. And it's made as only Fry's *can* make it.

2d

Fry's *famous original* **CHOCOLATE CREAM**

TESTED JB

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. . . . you will appreciate

"Tremola"
(REGD)
SHIRTS COLLARS PYJAMAS

TO many men, the name "TREMOLA" represents a standard of service and appearance on which they may safely rely. Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas bearing that name will always fit well and keep their colours. The value given would be difficult to match anywhere. Most Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores have good ranges.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF Tricoline — THE EQUAL TO SILK. | A Wemco FABRIC.

See tab in every Garment. None Genuine without.

Write (Dept. 15A), 19, Watling Street, London, E.C.4, if any difficulty in obtaining.

What I Look For In The Ideal Face Powder

By A Bond Street Beauty Specialist

The perfect face powder will stay on all day long whatever you are doing. Wind, rainy weather or even perspiration from sports or dancing will not affect it. It should be so fine and light as to be practically invisible on the face and contain no gritty particles to enlarge the sensitive skin pores. All these requirements are found in the " Mousse of Cream " face powder.

Mousse of Cream is a marvellous new ingredient now blended by a patented process in Poudre Tokalon. That is what makes it so amazingly different from all other powders. Poudre Tokalon gives marvellous complexions of youth and beauty, yet perfectly natural looking. The worst greasy skin and shiny nose take on amazing new beauty. Try a shilling box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. If it does not make an immediate and astonishing improvement in your attractiveness money will be refunded without question,

FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe beauty outfit containing popular shades of Tokalon " Mousse of Cream " Powder so that she may test them on her own face. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and package, etc., to Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 222K), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

I'd LIVE AGAIN that Bitter Hour—

When EVEREST Conquered ME

says Captain G. I. FINCH,

Professor at the Department of Chemical Technology, London University, in this exclusive interview

THE hour which, out of all others, I would choose to live over again, would be that hour between 11 a.m. and noon on May 28, 1922, when I climbed to within 1,600 feet of the top of Mount Everest and all but conquered the highest mountain in the world.

At noon my companion (Captain Bruce) and I were obliged to give up, and so, within sight of the goal that for years had been a cherished ambition, I tasted the bitterness of defeat almost in the moment of triumph.

From the pinnacle of what seemed certain success I dropped back into the pit of failure.

Yet, during that hour which preceded my great disappointment, I savoured the pleasure of hopes as few people can ever have done before. Yes, I'd like to taste them over again.

The pleasures of those minutes were sharpened by the efforts and privations my companion and I had endured to achieve them—as is the way with all pleasures. They are richer when they are struggled for.

We were hungry—we had not eaten for twenty-four hours. We were nearly exhausted with fatigue — not from climbing only, but from the hardship of two nights and a day which we were obliged to spend unexpectedly and without supplies in our little tent on the mountain-side, exposed to a furious storm.

Yet, in spite of all we had gone through, there was about that last hour an exhilaration almost impossible to describe.

Intense, concentrated, physical exertion had numbed us almost beyond the capacity for any emotions or thoughts except how to get a secure foothold on the next step above us.

Battle-thrill

But even so, I was conscious of the supreme battle we were waging against Nature, of a feeling that she was at last yielding to the attack. It gave one a curious feeling of strength and a thrilling sense of power.

We had already achieved so much. There was so little still to do.

As we climbed we could see far, far below us mountains which, a few days before, had towered high above our heads. They were over 20,000 feet high, and now they seemed no bigger or more imposing than insignificant hills.

If the sun had shone the sight would have been more magnificent still. As it was, a storm of the previous day still left a clouded sky and the wind was blowing hard—too hard for us to attempt to reach the topmost ridge, where we would have encountered its full fury.

To avoid this we were climbing across a rock wall broken up like paving stones, the height of which varied from a few inches to over 30 feet.

Burdened, as we were, with our very heavy Arctic clothing and the oxygen cylinders it was far from easy to make progress across this wall. But by exercising the greatest care we managed to advance slowly but surely.

It was eerie and lonely up there. There were we, two insignificant mortals, isolated from the rest of the world, striving like pigmies to conquer Nature in her most gigantic and terrifying aspect.

The last lap—

Tejbir, the young Gurkha who had left our high camp with us, had gone on and on, always smiling, never complaining, until, quite suddenly, he dropped After reviving him we sent him back to the high camp at 25,500 feet.

So for the final lap and to reach Mount Everest's 29,141 feet high top, there remained just Captain Bruce and I. The air was so rare that for some hours now we had been using the special oxygen apparatus we carried. At first, when we took the gas, the effect was very noticeable. We felt the blood begin to run in our veins as though we had taken a very potent stimulant.

In that last hour we were taking it continuously, though in small quantities. And the unused cylinders which we had to carry added very much to our difficulties.

As we climbed I remembered how my brother and I had talked over the possibilities of this ascent and the danger it would involve as far back as 1908.

How we had planned it, and even did some pioneer climbing in Corsica, so that we would gain the necessary experience in organising an expedition. It seemed now as if a very short time would see those early dreams fulfilled.

The sensation of being almost on the highest point of the earth was wonderful It gave us the feeling of walking on the top of things—an exhilaration which urged us to climb up and up in spite of hunger and fatigue and lack of sleep.

We knew by certain landmarks how high we were to within a few feet. At 10.30 it was only 2,000 feet to the top. At eleven only 1,800 feet. At noon only 1,600 feet.

Surely we would be able to manage that—the sort of climb that in the Alps you can romp up in an hour!

But this was not the Alps. This was Everest—stern, relentless Everest.

At the very moment when this great peak, which has stood the awe-inspiring master of Man through all the ages, seemed about to yield to the conqueror at last, we had to give in. The time had come when to go any further would have spelt certain disaster.

There was nothing for it then but to turn back, bitter as the disappointment was to us both.

Everest was the victor once again. And we were left to console ourselves with the fact that we had at least climbed higher than anyone before.

Joy of the fight

Nor was it by any means an insignificant consolation. Even to this day it thrills me to think that we achieved something that no other man has ever done.

Yes, that was my glorious hour. The disappointment that crowned its close robbed it of its supreme fulfilment, to be sure.

But if there is any joy in the striving, as distinct from the joy of achievement (and I hold that there is, and that often it is a finer joy), then I shall be understood when I say that that is the hour of my life I would choose to live over again.

Next Week:* CAPT. IRVING, *of the " Aquitania," tells of his Greatest Hour

ONE of the FAMILY

for whom SUMMER HEAT means MISERY

—unless you provide him with a blood corrective.

BECAUSE we long for the sun so much, and can so readily adjust ourselves to enjoy the summer heat, it is easy for us to neglect the one member of the family who cannot adapt himself to summer conditions. But a moment's thought will show that *there is a way* to keep him in perfect health and good spirits all through summer, and to save him the misery and wretchedness which he must suffer if we fail in this small duty.

There are two reasons for ill-health among dogs in summer. First, they have non-porous skin which prevents them perspiring, and consequently their blood overheats on every warm day. Second, blood correctives which Nature provides for them among certain wild grasses and herbage are beyond their reach unless they roam the valleys and moorlands.

Your dog's whole condition depends on the purity of his blood, and if he is provided with a blood corrective to keep his blood pure, the overheating will not harm him, for his blood will quickly return to normal in the cool of the evening. But if he is not conditioned, and food impurities have been allowed to collect in his blood, every overheating will aggravate these impurities, and your dog will have to suffer one of the blood ailments which have come to be known as the dog's hot weather miseries.

There is no need for your dog to suffer in this way. A dog conditioned by Bob Martin's Condition Powders will remain fresh and fit through months of overheating, yet without this vital blood corrective he cannot possibly stand the strain of the next hundred days. At best, he can be only half-healthy, and his poor condition will show itself by one of the following blood ailments:

LOSS OF APPETITE
CONTINUAL SCRATCHING
LISTLESSNESS
LOOSE COAT ECZEMA
SWELLINGS between the TOES.

Every one of these blood ailments can not only be cured, but easily prevented by Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

If your dog's happiness means anything to you, NOW is the time to condition him thoroughly with Bob Martin's Condition Powders. In a few days you will be amazed at the *difference* which *condition* means to him. His appetite will be sharper, his eyes clearer, his step more jaunty and his manner more happy and care-free. His coat will begin to take on that beautiful "bloom" which distinguishes the well conditioned dog and is the surest sign of pure blood.

Dog Biscuit Shops, Chemists and big Stores everywhere sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in sixpenny packets of (nine) powders, and 1/- boxes of 18 powders.

This SUMMER *provide your dog with*

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

and spare him the misery of overheated blood

The most nourishing food you can drink!

4 FOODS IN 1

You can build up your power of resistance with this scientific blend of 4 pure natural foods—the best of their kind that money can buy. The most delicate digestive system makes light of this delicious food-drink—Fry's process ensures that. And there's no need to pay a fancy price for so fine a preparation. Careful planning, both in buying and manufacture, enables Fry's to offer the Four Foods in One at a price that is a triumph for British capital and labour. Do not drink a haphazard mixture of powdered malt, milk powder, dried eggs and cocoa. Drink Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs.

PURE ENGLISH LIQUID MALT EXTRACT from brown sun-ripened barley—the finest, most health-giving malt that money can buy.

SELECTED ENGLISH EGGS. Every day the golden yolks of thousands of English farmhouse eggs become one of the "four foods in one."

FRY'S WORLD-FAMOUS COCOA. The standard by which all Cocoa is judged—there is no purer, more strengthening Cocoa in the world.

BRITISH MILK, NATURE'S ESSENTIAL FOOD—pure MILK with all its virtues—the finest food base obtainable.

FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA

The perfect British-made Food Drink that costs you no more than it must.

7½D PER ¼ LB

WITH EGGS

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DOUBLE SIZE 1/2 1 LB. SIZE 2/2

free SAMPLE OFFER

M.M. 183.9532

J. S. FRY & SONS, LTD., *Malted Milk Dept.*, 8, Union Street, BRISTOL.
Pin your 1½d. stamp to the coupon here. Do not *stick* it on. J.B.4/6/32.
Please send me a large free sample tin of Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs. I have pinned 1½d. in stamps to coupon to cover cost of packing and postage. (Only one free sample to each family.)
This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State.

Name.....
(Please write all words in BLOCK LETTERS)

Address.....

Town.....County.....

IMPORTANT.—*Put in a* SEALED *envelope using a* 1½d. *stamp.*

£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3

MOST WONDERFUL 3-SPEED OFFER EVER MADE

The Graves 'Speed King' 3-Speed Cycle beats the World for Quality & Value, & stands comparison with any 10-Guinea Machine.

7/9 NOW

All the practical and technical experience of 40 years high-class cycle-engineering is concentrated in this superb machine.

DUNLOP MAGNUM Roadster Tyres. Wired Edges.
STURMEY-ARCHER World's Best 3-Speed Gear.
HANS RENOLD World's First Quality Chain.
GRAVES PATTERN Chromium Plated Chain Wheel.
DUNLOP MAGNUM Central Spring Waterproof Saddle
CHROMIUM PLATED Handlebars, Rims, Cranks, etc.

Any Machine can be supplied with Dropped Handlebars, if desired.

Pump, Tool Bag, Spanners, Oilcan, Brilliant Rear Light Reflector. Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Couch lined, (All Black if desired). Lady's or Gent's same price. Carriage Paid. Price £5.16.3

TERMS: Send 7/9 with Order, and the balance in 14 Monthly Payments of 7/9 if entirely satisfied. Full approval for Free Riding Test.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE POST FREE

including other remarkable Cycle Bargains, as Graves Single-Speed Cycle with Dunlop Roadster Tyres, Renold Chain, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, complete and Carriage Paid, Ladies' or Gent's £4:10:0. Terms: 6/- monthly; also Graves 'Speed King' Club Model, weight about 29lbs; fitted with Dunlop Sports Tyres, Renold Chain, Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle. Complete and Carriage Paid, Ladies' or Gent's £6:17:6. Terms: 8/6 monthly. Carriage Paid to destination. All-Weather 3-Speed Cycle £8:7:6. Terms: 8/6 monthly.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Rheumatism
Stiff Joints

Be Warned in Time!

Sharp, shooting pains in the muscles, the intense pain of rheumatism—do not wait until you have to "give up," crippled or bed-ridden.

If you fear any symptoms of kidney trouble or heart-weakening rheumatism, get a supply of De Witts Brand Pills and take them regularly. There is no safer or surer remedy.

De Witts Brand Pills are safe, certain and sure in all cases of Kidney Disorder, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Uric Acid Troubles, Impurities of the Blood, Loss of Vigour and Vitality. Get a 3/-, or the more economical 5/-, supply to-day and be pain-free, stronger and feel younger than ever.

Beware of worthless imitations. The genuine DeWitts Brand Pills are sold only in the white, blue and gold cartons.

DE WITTS
BRAND
Kidney and Bladder PILLS

THE 'BIG TWO'
FOR THE
HUNT CUP

Back Your Fancy with the 'Big Two'
Every commission acknowledged.
No Limit to odds

Long Odds.
Commissions placed at long odds before the day of the race will be on at full market price quoted at the time of posting, in accordance with rules.

EVERY CLASS OF BET CATERED FOR

Starting Price.
If your Commission bears a postal time stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—you will be on at full Starting Price.

WINNINGS BY RETURN

Every transaction with the "Big Two" is private, and our thirty-five years' reputation is a guarantee of a fair and square deal, and no vexatious quibbles.

LETTER COMMISSIONS
accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules. No limit on single events

THE "BIG TWO" SPORTSMAN'S DIARY
Acclaimed by the Press as "a mine of information." Contains "records" in all classes of sport, and an up-to-date Ready Reckoner. A copy of this unique Diary (to March, 1933) is sent
FREE TO EVERY NEW CLIENT

NO AGENTS. WRITE DIRECT TO

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BIG TWO

PLAYING *with the* FLOOD PERIL

BY miraculous good fortune the worst flood this country has experienced for thirty years has just passed without inflicting a tremendous death-roll and all the suffering and hardship that it would have entailed.

A few lives have been lost by drowning in the Midlands, but we have escaped the dreadful toll exacted within recent years by the Louth flood disaster and by the overflowing of the Thames.

In consequence there is a danger that the country will fail to see the warning signal which it can no longer afford to neglect—that is, that little stands between us and the possibility of disasters that would inflict awful loss of life.

The warning is pointed by the hundred thousand ruined or partially ruined homes through which tumults of water were racing little more than a week ago. What more evidence could be needed that we are neglecting to protect our population against a terror which can be more terrible than plague or fire?

We protect our cattle herds against epidemic, our towns against pollution and consequent disease, our public buildings against fire, our theatre-going public against panic—but we have failed dismally where the flood horror is concerned.

One hundred thousand people were drowned in this country by one flood in November of 1218. What if something like that happened again? We tell ourselves that we have got surface-water drains, pumping stations and sewers to-day. But we might also add that we have got greater and denser populations to protect.

Even if we get nothing worse than the floods we are used to—picking off a few lives here, breaking the hearts of thousands of house-proud people there, ruining tradespeople, drowning horses in their stables and cattle in their fields—these happenings occur so frequently that something should be done about it.

That something was made possible by legislation passed by the late Labour Government. But the Land Drainage Act of 1930, which should have set local authorities planning and scheming to protect the people they represent, is largely a dead letter. Local authorities have lagged in establishing the necessary boards and setting them to work.

It is called economy by most of them, but the truth is that wise expenditure was never waste.

Costly as the taming of our waterways may be, it is as nothing compared with the cost of putting things right year after year.

Millions lost

If the recent flood let us off lightly as far as human lives are concerned, let us not be blind to the real gravity of it. Its total cost is estimated at more than three million pounds. And it caused untold suffering and privation.

Great cities like Leicester and Nottingham were cut off from each other by vast unbridged lakes. Two hundred homes were under one unbroken sheet of water at Worksop. Telephones were silent in a dozen towns.

People were rescued with lifelines from 9 ft. of water in a country lane at Atherstone, near Warwick. A main burst with such violence at Derby that ten people were injured. Hysterical women tumbled out of their bedroom windows into boats at Long Eaton.

Their daily bread . . . . When the waters rise there is added hardship for the poor to bear

At Ashby-de-la-Zouch half the population was imprisoned by the rising waters. Thousands of men slaved to save collieries that are the sole means of support of thousands of miners.

Several mothers had babies born in flooded homes, and many more, owing to shock, became mothers within a few hours of their rescue by ladder.

JOHN BULL is proud of its own efforts to mitigate the loss and suffering of flood victims—all the more so because, alone among the newspapers and journals of the country, it includes in the benefits of its free insurance damage done in the homes of its registered readers by storm and flood

In 1931 alone we paid no fewer than 2,327 claims in respect to flood, and our post-bag shows the latest disaster to be far greater than anything experienced in that year.

One has only to read the letters from the many hundreds of our readers who have been stricken to realise how blindly savage the flood demon can be.

"I live on high ground, and never thought I would want your help as far as flood was concerned," writes one of them. "But there you are, life is just like that."

Heartbreaking little letters most of them.

They come from Berks, Bucks, Cheshire, Derbyshire, Dorset, Devon, Gloucester, Leicestershire, Norfolk, Northamptonshire, Nottinghamshire, Oxford, Somerset, Staffs, Sussex, Warwickshire, Worcestershire and Yorks—and even then not only from one centre in each.

From Yorkshire alone come letters from JOHN BULL registered readers who have suffered from the floods in twenty-seven different towns and villages; in Nottinghamshire in seventeen different places; in Derbyshire in sixteen.

The cat's alarm

"I and my two-year-old nephew are lucky to be alive," writes Mr. Bradshaw, of Pinxton, Notts. "We wouldn't have been if the mewing of our cat, which had had kittens, had not awakened us. The kittens were drowned."

"We were knocked up to find the house covered with water," says Mr. Ward, of Southey, Sheffield. "The dog woke us at midnight. The ground floor had been flooded up to the knees," writes Mr. Bamford, of Old Brinsley.

"The water is coming up the stairs. Baby is very ill and the doctor cannot get through. You can guess how we are," declares Mrs. Gell, of Stainton.

"Our piano has gone: the watch-dog, pride of the home, drowned at his post . . . all the furniture is afloat." Such tragic plaints come from fifty different towns and villages.

"My home has been ruined," writes a Long Eaton reader. "The Rawmarsh Council rescued my family and myself with motor lorries," writes another from Rotherham. "We were marooned for thirteen hours," says a Carbrook, Sheffield, letter.

And many of such letters are sodden with water and covered in mud.

"I have already received JOHN BULL benefits twice. Does that matter?" asks a Heckmondwike reader. Just as if that would make any difference!

These are but a few extracts from the many touching letters we have received. All of them point out the advantages of registering for the free protection of JOHN BULL. "It is more than a necessity—it is a duty," declares one marooned reader.

You should lose no time in availing yourself of the free security we offer, if you have not already done so. Just a signature on page 34, and you are safeguarded.

"John Bull" to the Rescue

Race with "Silver Ring"

Winners for Newbury

I HAVE had many more enquiries for long-shots for Ascot, but prefer to leave the meeting alone until next week.

At one time it was a question of "To bet or not to bet" at the Royal fixture, for the "good things" were beaten so readily and systematically that the bookmakers were able to sojourn in the south of France until Goodwood.

Epsom winners naturally have a big following at Ascot, and they lose for the simple reason that the courses are so dissimilar. At the Royal meeting a horse has to be sturdy as well as speedy, for the track calls mainly for uphill work.

At Kempton I am going for two horses trained by Jack Jarvis. The first is Sudan, in the Bendigo Plate. This son of the Derby winner, Papyrus, caught my eye when being short-headed by Golden Legend at Newmarket. He had some very useful sprinters behind him.

The other selection is Wraxhall in the Windsor Castle Plate.

The Newbury Summer Cup is the big attraction at the Berkshire meeting. I should like to put up Chorist, who was a nice 9 to 2 winner for the Code, but I think the penalty incurred will stop him.

Nitsichin ran a great race in the Manchester Cup and the money lost will come back later. On the same day Blue Vision was beaten at Lingfield. I like this game little mare. She may atone at Newbury.

The Empire Stakes will probably be won by Sea Mark. This Irish filly, who is now with R. C. Dawson, won both her races in Ireland last year and ran fifth in that country's 1,000 Guineas this season.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 2, to Wednesday, June 8.

O C B V D P M X Z R F 98 97 Y H S
A Q 93 94 95 U I E 96 L T W N G J K

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

KUX97KXL would read SPENSER.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

IXR2M97 would read MELLIN.

"I've never seen so alluring a figure"

But her skin, Tragic!

*By Julia Foster**

WHAT grace! What subtle allure. But her complexion spoiled the whole lovely picture. A few words of expert advice could make such a difference!

YOU have no right—ever—to let your skin become "tragic." Not when the right care is so easy. That's what specialists have told me—and I'm going to tell you their treatment for keeping skin firm, smooth, youthful.

Apply a luxurious lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water to face and throat. Work this into the pores. Your hands are best for this part of the treatment. Rinse it away with warm water (never use hot); finish with a cold rinse.

That's the basis. Then, your make-up in the morning. At night use a good cold cream, if your skin is dry. More than 20,000 experts consider this the ideal foundation cleansing.

**Julia Foster has interviewed over 2,600 world renowned beauty experts. Her information on beauty subjects is authentic. It deserves your careful reading.*

AN EMPIRE PRODUCT

PALMOLIVE 4½d. per tablet

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

John West knew what fine salmon ought to be, and where to look for the best cut.

"Undercut of sirloin for the flavour of the roast beef of old England," Cap'n West used to say; "and for smooth-textured, juicily rich salmon—Middle Cut. No more to be compared with ordinary salmon than sirloin with shin of beef." Remember Cap'n West's advice:

INSIST ON THE BEST · · *AND BUY*

JOHN WEST'S MIDDLE CUT SALMON

Pelling, Stanley & Co. Ltd., Liverpool and 41 Eastcheap, London

JW 80-172-55

THE LEMON CURE FOR AN OBSTINATE THIRST!

A lemon a day for health! Fifty million lemons a year for Eiffel Tower Lemonade! All the juice of all these ripe lemons is crystallised and concentrated in the purest possible form; no preservatives are added. Quench your thirst with a deep, cooling draught of Eiffel Tower. It costs so little!

A 7½d. bottle (unsweetened) makes 12 pints of real-lemon lemonade

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

SWEETENED OR UNSWEETENED

A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT

Beautiful JILL ESMOND *(Radio Pictures) says: "I find that the faithful use of Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin in perfect condition"*

THEIRS—

The loveliness that wins hearts

Nor will they lose it with the hurrying years!

MUST beauty vanish with the years? Film stars say "No." There is lasting beauty in a complexion that's smooth and youthful. That's why 9 out of 10 famous film stars in Hollywood and England use Lux Toilet Soap. They know that this fragrant white soap keeps skin smooth, fresh, youthful, in spite of birthdays.

You, too, can have this precious gift of a lovely clear skin! Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. So pure, so gentle, it will keep your skin smooth as satin, soft and young! Obtainable from all grocers, chemists and stores.

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A LEVER PRODUCT

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TL 320-312-65

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT *Contributors Tell—*

My PET *Animal* STORY

Our story? But that's a secret between Paddy and me . . .

TWO years ago a friend presented me with a dog. I had no room for it at home. "Drown it," said my wife, but I made a kennel and established it on my allotment, near which runs a canal.

Recently, my baby daughter was playing and fell into the canal. There was no one near, but the dog immediately plunged in and brought her to shore. He has justified his existence.—*Fred Smith, Cardiff.*

Pigs at Church

As a girl, I loved animals and being Irish, pigs were my favourites. I had two, Bobs and Betsy who were my special pets.

One Sunday evening I was quietly called out of church. Thinking someone was ill, I slipped out, only to find my two pigs sitting outside

Knowing only too well the noise they would make if touched by strangers, they had to call me. The pigs just followed me home and went back to their beds.—*M. B., Southall.*

Cat and Canary

I have a tom cat and a canary, and, although the bird is within the cat's reach, he never interferes with it.

One day I was getting the canary fresh water, and left the cage on the table. On my return there were two cats on the table, my own and a stranger.

My own cat was standing between the stranger and the cage, with his back arched, evidently defending the canary. No doubt he saved the bird's life.—*J. M. D., Strabane.*

Remembered

I left home to rejoin the colours in August, 1914, returning for the first time in December, 1918

On arriving within fifty yards of home I decided to give the usual whistle, which was instantly recognised by my wire-haired terrier, who came rushing along the street almost mad with joy, jumping all around me, although he had not seen me for over four years

He has been dead several years, but the scene is permanently imprinted upon my memory.—*Faithful, Northampton.*

Not a Murder

One morning a policeman came to my father's house to say that our dog Prince had killed another, and was dragging it down the street.

On going out I found that it was the small terrier we had had poisoned at the "vet's" the day previous.

What had actually happened was that Prince had in some way found his pal in the "vet's" stable and was bringing him back home.—*W. B., Newark.*

Cow Queen

Buttercup, our oldest cow, is the undisputed queen of the fold-yard. She always chooses her own rack, and should she later notice one better filled than her own, she will push the other away and serenely take possession.

The younger cows dare not leave or enter the yard until she has preceded them. Should another enter before her she refuses to move until the offender has been turned out again.

Then, in the most dignified manner, she stalks in, with the meekly following herd at her heels.—*D. L. M., Hull.*

Its Poor Feet

In India, two years ago, a "bear-wallah" came round to my bungalow.

After making the bear perform one or two tricks, I brought out a bowl of water and some bread for the poor animal.

It ate a piece of bread, and moistened its parched tongue with the water, but kept the remainder for its aching feet.

First it put its fore paws in the bowl and waited; then its hind paws.—*Mrs. Buley, Sussex.*

In Charge

I was away from home, on holidays, when a friend called at my home to borrow a coat, having been caught in the rain.

My Airedale, however, was determined to look after my coat, and followed my friend to her home, miles away, refusing to go back.

He was put up for the night, and next day left only when my friend accompanied him, returning the coat.—*S. R., Swansea.*

Example to Humans

Among others alighting from a train, I noticed a passenger who I knew had that morning been discharged from prison. He spoke to several persons, but was ignored.

At the gate his wife awaited him with his dog. Immediately he saw his master he began jumping around, whining and attempting to reach his face.

The man picked up the dog, and, nursing it as a child, allowed it to lick his face. With head erect he marched straight away, proud of his dog's welcome. What an example!—*F. D., Cardiff.*

His Good Deed

A dog was sent every day for six rolls from the baker's. One day it returned with only five, and this went on for several days. His mistress complained, but the baker said that he always sent six.

The dog was watched, and it was seen to turn off the road when nearly home.

On following it, the mistress found another poor dog had fallen down a pit, and her dog had taken it a roll every day, and thus kept it alive.—*Mrs. R., Suffolk.*

Horned Peacemaker

Going for a walk along a country lane, I saw two fowls fighting in a field, and they were putting some vim into it.

A cow, quietly grazing, suddenly looked up at the pair and watched them for a few moments, then strolled up to them, butted her head between them, and parted them.

The amazed fowls stared at each other for a time and then went off. The cow, finding they did not start again, went on quietly with her grazing.—*M. Hutchings, Worcs.*

• • •

I had to put a stop to my cat when he started to feed the baby by bringing home birds and mice, tit-bits scraped off plates, and putting them within his reach.—*Mrs. H., Norfolk.*

A friend used to put crumbs on her bedroom window-sill for the birds. But her husband requested her to stop it. A few mornings later, she woke up to find Mrs. Robin and her five babies perched expectantly on the bed-rail.—*F. S. T., Weston-super-Mare.*

I was hunting in a lumber box, my dog with me, when I pulled out the muzzle he used to wear. When he saw it he looked at me appealingly, as much as to say, "Please don't put that thing on me again."—*G. S., Port Talbot.*

Somebody's pet needs your help. Turn to page 16 and discover how you can give it

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, June 7.

What I Enjoy Most on Holiday—and Why.

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader, the prize is awarded to the first opened.

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"Talk: The Savings Certificates CONVERSATION Campaign"

HORWICH JOURNAL:—"—— was confronted with a BATH of sympathetic letters."

LEICESTER MERCURY:—"Beauty cleared my half-moons with her CUBICLE remover."

OUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE ANNUAL REPORT:—"No DECEASED animals can be received except for the purpose of lethalling."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"A PUG in the bottom of the small boat came out and was washed away."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"They had placed a cordon round an area a mile square, and no LOVING person was able to get out."

YORKSHIRE HERALD SUPPLEMENT:—"Her FACE has spread far and wide."

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN:—"That famous preacher has on several Sunday evenings recently had his Sunday FORENOON sermon interrupted."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"Mr. —— said that what was proposed in this scheme was the taking away of the original nine holes, which was the PEST piece of the course."

The Sergeant shouts for

BONDMAN EMPIRE BLEND

IN AIRTIGHT TINS 10d PER OZ.

RICHARD LLOYD & SONS, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1 (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.)

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Developing 6d. per spool and helpful advice as usual.

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Save as you Shave!

Have you tried the new Shard Blades? They're better and British—made from high-grade Sheffield steel—keener edged—last longer—and only sixpence for four. Why pay more? Shard Blades are protected by a patent packet from which they can be slipped quickly and easily. Try Shards to-day—Guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money returned.

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SHARD BLADES 6D FOR 4

New Way to Banish

Ugly Hair

Sensational Discovery of British Scientist

Men detest superfluous hair. They never find a woman attractive who suffers from it. To-day, in three minutes, you can say goodbye forever to all unwanted hair, and have smooth white arms and legs free from the slightest trace. No dangerous and nasty smelling pastes—no painful electric needles—no razor, which only makes the hair grow thicker.

Wenlo-White, a remarkable substance recently discovered by a British chemist, destroys the keratin in the hair and hair roots. The hair just falls away as if by magic. Wenlo-White is now contained in the NEW VEET—a white cream guaranteed 100% pure. As easy to apply as a face cream, and delightfully perfumed. Look on the label for the words NEW VEET.

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

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Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

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Why pay Shop-prices when COVENTRY'S LARGEST WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE will supply you with a famous Coventry-built Cycle at a lower price? Carriage Paid. Besides, YOU GET A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON to exchange for high-class Accessories with every Cycle. Write now for Free Copy of the BIGGEST CYCLE CATALOGUE ever published and you will get the 15/- Free Gift Coupon as well. Thousands already supplied to readers of "JOHN BULL."

From £3-10s CASH OR TERMS

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COLOSSAL ONE-WEEK X-WORD PRIZE CELEBRATES 'JOHN BULL'S' 26th BIRTHDAY

CLOSING NOON THURS. JUNE 9

£2,000

£50 FOR RUNNERS UP

THIS week "John Bull" celebrates his 26th Birthday—and marks the occasion by a Record-breaking Crossword Prize of £2,000, OFFERED FOR ONE WEEK ONLY! This enormous sum, which you can win in half an hour by solving the amusing problem below, brings this year's total of Crossword cash prizes to over £29,000.

On page 21 you will see how Mr. Daniel Jenkins, Lloyds Bank House, Llandebie, has just won a colossal Crossword prize outright and so solved all problems for life. Why shouldn't you follow him into the ranks of the wealthy by investing a little of your spare time in this entertaining £2,000 contest?

You will enjoy the intriguing problems raised by the unusual Clues in "John Bull's" Crossword. Consider them carefully, fill up the squares, and enter by noon, Thursday, June 9th. The result may be a £2,000 prize which will make "John Bull's" Birthday a golden day for you.

Remember—for this Record One-week £2,000 contest, you can make as many entries as you wish. Extra entry forms may be obtained as indicated at the foot of this announcement.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, June 9th.**

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, June 23rd, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, July 5th, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

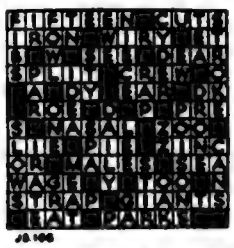
SEND ENTRY FEE AS BELOW

With 2 squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE
With 4 squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING

Extra entries at same rate—see Rule 1

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 166

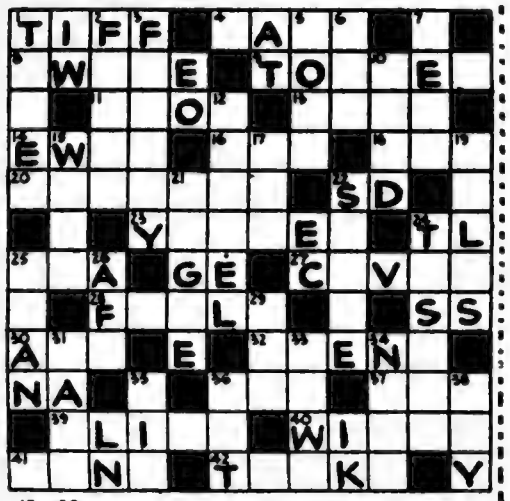


JB·166

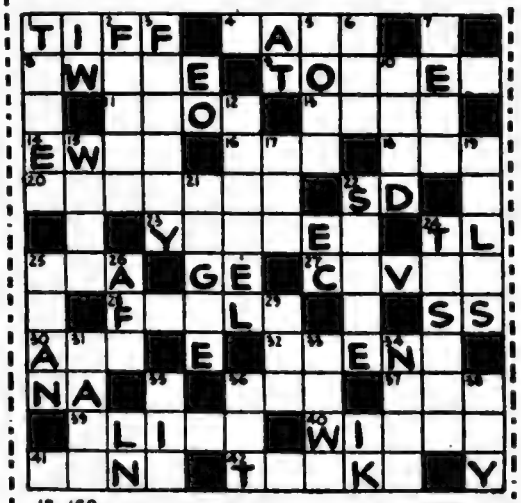
Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 166 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £2,000 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of this puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 16th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 23rd.

"JOHN BULL" £2,000 X-WORD No. 168



JB·168 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·168

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. No.....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Noon, THURSDAY, June 9.

TWO ENTRANTS SHARE X-WORD £1,000!

See No. 165 Result on Page 14

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Lovers' quarrel.
4. They often make wife jealous.
8. Conscious.
9. Is sometimes done after day's work.
11. Act fraudulently.
13. Drink Scotsman likes best.
14. They love their lambs.
16. Consume.
18. Fitting.
20. They tend you in hospital.
23. He says "Sez you."
25. Meadow.
27. Sometimes describes servant.
28. Responsible for punter's loss.
30. Part of a play.
32. Portents.
36. Proceed against.
37. Opposite of "in."
39. You may slip up on this.
40. Broader.
41. What mothers do, for school children.
42. Elephants often have immense ones.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Plentiful on the land.
2. Often fall when times are bad.
3. Extremely cold.
5. Space in the roof.
6. Knight's title.
7. You do this with the eyes.
10. Keeps dog under control.
12. You'll get this in a nutshell.
15. Sometimes causes man's downfall.
17. Inquire.
19. There's money in these.
21. Bird of prey.
22. Catch.
24. Paper which sounds like a sneeze.
25. What poor man often gets.
26. Towards ship's stern.
29. Personal pronoun.
31. Usually contains merchandise.
33. Heard on the roof.
34. Are as good as winks.
35. First is specially welcome.
36. Become hard.
38. Make effort.

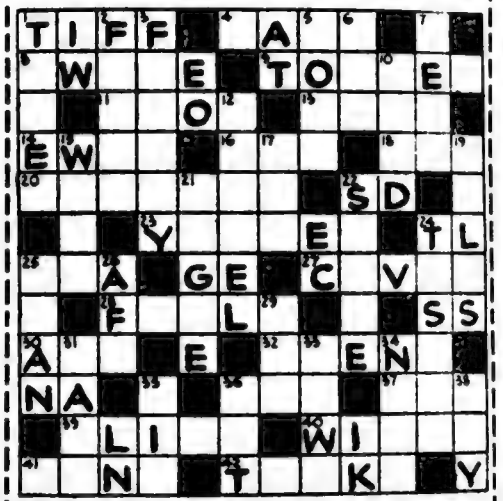
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

This Contest closes Noon, Thursday, June 9.

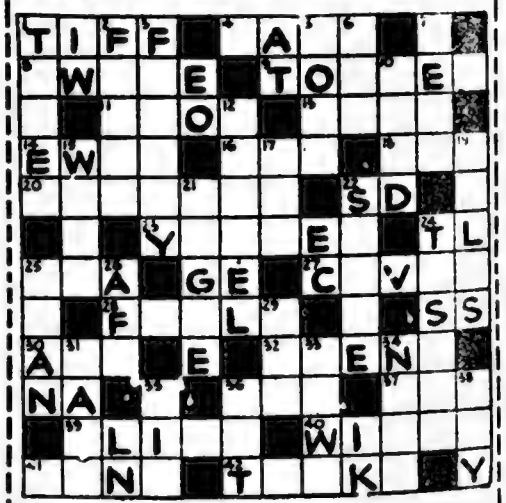
PIENDAGURCED.

Hullo! What's this strange word? Not so strange after you have crossed out the unwanted letters. The clue is "Bore"—now you've got it—it's a "Pass-word." £175 in cash is offered by the "Passing Show" for solving this and seven other "Pass-words" in the issue now on sale. Get down to it now—make up your mind to go in and win.

"JOHN BULL" £2,000 X-WORD No. 168



JB·168 *DO NOT CUT HERE*



JB·168

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. No.....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

POST EARLY AS POSSIBLE—ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:

"John Bull" Crossword No. 168,
57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

YOU MAY SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WISH

for this £2,000 contest. For extra squares send PENNY postcard to "John Bull" X-word Department, stating number of additional forms required.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

R. M. (Leeds).—"I can't think why I did it." Probably because you can't.

L. V. S. (Grantham).—"Violation of art by street artists should be stamped out." But it is curbed to a great extent.

MISS ANNE (Blackpool).—"How do film actresses manage to look so young?" The answer's in the preservative.

NOVELIST (Wells).—"I have never seen any of the films based on my books." Perhaps you just didn't recognise them.

C. S. (Dundee).—"Why is cycling so popular in Scotland?" Because of the free-wheeling about it.

M. T. (York).—"I have partly mastered the art of being humorous." So you are now a half-wit?

MRS. A. (Kensington).—"What do you think I got with £1,000 I had left me?" A husband?

S. W. (Hull).—"A man would say what he wished in his own home." If he dared.

L. N. (Canterbury).—"There's no rest for the wicked." And very often no arrest either

P. H. (Clapham).—"I enclose an article and expect something for my pains." We'll send you some embrocation.

A. S. (Perth).—"Nine out of every ten political aspirants never become M.P.s." This is not enough.

B. A. (Walton).—"The cigars I sent you cost me twenty-five shillings a box." What did you do with the other three hundred?

M. G. (Stepney).—"Why do most modern girls use make up?" Because they haven't the face to go out without it.

D. R. (Birkenhead).—"Over two hundred cases of housebreaking have been reported in the last month." A plague of breaking in seems to be breaking out.

G. M. (Colne).—"My fiancée wept when we were stranded miles from anywhere in my car." You broke down and she cried?

T. R. (Liverpool).—"I left America in a hurry when I was mistaken for a well-known gangster." In case he got to hear about it?

A. M. (Derby).—"Owing to depression, schoolmasters are reducing their fees." They introduced a different kind of cut in our young days.

E. N. (Warwick).—"I was talking about you yesterday. Did your ears burn?" Your letter was burning to-day; but we were not talking about you.

R. E. (St. Albans)—"An Indian fakir has remained asleep standing up for sixteen hours." What a marvellous umpire he'd make!

ADAMSON IS ROOKED

L. B. (Windsor).—"I have no ties." Wear a muffler.

H. K. D. (Hackney).—"Plumbers need tact." And a soothing bathside manner.

C. M. (Dorchester).—"A fool and his money are soon parted." We presume you haven't got a bean.

S. C. (Chicago).—"Al Capone is now merely a number." And a back number at that.

H. C. (Oxford).—"South Africa intends utilising wireless to kill locusts." But will they listen?

T. N (Bodmin).—"My grandfather still plays a good game of tennis." Old age will be served.

H. C. (Poole).—"I get out of bed as soon as the sun enters my room." Ours faces West, too.

T. M. (Goole).—"I was not a bit offended by the letter you sent me last week." What a waste of three-halfpence.

R. C. (Leeds).—"I dictated this letter to my wife, and she typed it." We read it to our typist, and she hopped it.

B. B. P. (Norwich).—"I am searching for a really effective insecticide." We advise you to think twice before taking your own life.

R. S. P. (Reading).—"My girl is constantly accusing me of being weak-kneed." Well, don't let her sit on you so much.

E. N. (Tamworth).—"Do you believe in women backing horses in races." Yes, it is cheaper than backing motor-cars in garages.

R. S. (Stoke).—"When she told me she had bought another new frock I could have kicked her!" But you footed the bill instead?

F. E. (Hammersmith).—"I saw a good bout of wrestling staged in a dance club." True, modern dancing does look something like that.

B. G. (Hanwell).—"The men of this country want a bit of stiffening in their backbone." Don't worry. Spring gardening has begun.

E. L. D. (Exeter).—"What sort of organisation would you advise me to join so that I might get into more company?" From your letter we would say a rambling club would suit best.

D. J. (Southend).—"A seven-pound salmon was found in a net of whitebait by fishermen here." We understand that after discussion it was decided not to claim the capture as being the biggest whitebait on record.

D. J. (Southport).—"It is suggested that bricks at present used for house-building are unsuitable, and should be larger." Jewellers are against the idea, for smash-and-grab reasons.

H. P. (Swanage).—"A new flower has just been named phsichcysisosis." It will not be a pronounced success.

W. K. (Truro).—"I often sit and think about nothing in particular." You egoist!

K. L. (Dorking).—"My father believes that duck fat is a cure for rheumatism." A quack remedy.

R. C. (Box Hill).—"I was struck by the beauty of the place." Had you tried to kiss her?

L. M. (Highgate).—"My dog howled all night. Does that mean trouble?" Yes, for the dog.

P. N. (Esher).—"A new jumper for the Spring resembles a straightjacket." Particularly suitable for balmy weather.

S. L. (Deal).—"I intend to make story-writing my sole living." Well, poverty is no crime.

F. R. (Luton).—"What is the most essential thing for running a grocer's shop successfully?" Customers.

M. A. (Bury).—"I haven't much money, and have spent pounds on courses to make me tall." And they have made you short?

W. M. (Chelsea).—"My mistress argued with me for a long time on the best way to carry a load of crockery." After you had dropped the subject?

A. R. (Southend).—"When on walking tours, one generally meets friends at rural hostelries." Because 'buses usually start from them?

C. T. (Staines).—"I can't think why some people make such a fuss over the Dublin Derby Sweepstake." Couldn't you get a ticket?

J. T. (Bristol).—"Why am I always asked to sing immediately a party starts?" Perhaps the idea is to get it over early.

N. P. (Crook).—"You can be quite safe from an angry bull if you use your arms properly." Well, personally, we prefer to use our feet properly.

E. K. (Cambridge).—"Beautiful flowers will soon decorate the countryside again. What could anybody want more?" An umbrella and a waterproof.

MARIANNE (Bradwell).—"Would you believe that my romance began at a cricket match?" Caught him out in the long field, we presume.

SPINSTER (Audley End).—"Haven't you often felt that clubs should be abolished?" Not since we held the whole thirteen at solo.

MARTHA (Aysgarth).—"Do not men prefer silly women to clever ones?" Maybe, but it's the clever ones who get men to marry them.

OPTIMIST (Cadleigh).—"Have you noticed that people are advertising for extra hands?" Maybe the advertisers are Tube ticket-collectors.

C. H. S. (Wolverhampton).—"By the time I get a good wireless set, television will have made radio old-fashioned." Considering you can get a £21 Radio before the end of June with a coupon from page 35, we think you flatter television.

A. N. (Woodside).—"When a man keeps on coughing through smoking too much, what can he do?" Our experience is that he goes to the talkies.

H. T. (Epsom).—"I scarcely had time to write this poem, as I have so many irons in the fire." You should have added this to them.

K. F. (Sussex).—"There is one bicycle for every seven persons of the population in France." They must be very strong bikes.

W. A. (Fulham).—"Because I know languages I was able to go abroad and save my firm a lot of trouble." Are you such a nuisance to them when here?

C. B. (Cambridge).—"There will be no petrol left in the world by 1980." But there will be so many cars on the roads by then that they will not be able to move, so what does it matter?

F. T. (March).—"It is said that to hear bells ringing when one is asleep signifies a great disappointment." Telephone operators must be frequently disappointed.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter, you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

A COVENTRY-BUILT CYCLE is the FINEST MOUNT IN THE WORLD.
Shod with DUNLOP tyres, THREE-SPEED GEAR CHROMIUM PLATED finish built by COVENTRY'S skilled engineers. Dozens of different Models including Racers & Sports.
CARRIAGE PAID
A kit, including PUMP, TOOLBAG, TOOLS, BELL, ELECTRIC LAMP, CARRIER & REFLECTOR, FREE.
Write for Free Lists NOW
Edward Brian Ltd
DEPT 2, COVENTRY.
FROM £3-10s CASH or TERMS

NEW TREATMENT KILLS STOMACH PAINS

AT last the whole medical profession is agreed on one subject. All over the country, in the clinics and all the leading hospitals, they are using what is known as the Maclean formula. It is curing all sorts of stomach troubles, even serious cases such as Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers, and now you can get the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at any chemist ready packed for your own use. Now if you suffer from acid stomach, wind, flatulence, or pains after eating, you can get just the same relief as if you went to a great hospital.

Do not lose any time, try it to-day.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder, see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons, the former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price, and family size 5/-. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

Look at my new white skin

Only 3 Days Ago I Never Would Have Dreamed It Could Be So Lovely

"My skin was sallow, dark and faded. There were unsightly blackheads, rough skin scales and enlarged pores around my nose, chin and forehead. To-day, my soft, white smooth skin and beautiful complexion is envied and admired by all."

Any woman can now easily whiten, soften and beautify her skin, simply by the daily use of Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour (non-greasy) It contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away. Whitens and softens darkest, roughest skin. Gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning.

PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES.

Thousands of Patients bless the day they used the famous Tremol Treatment. Patients throughout the British Isles acclaim the wonderful merits of this great Treatment for skin complaints, the most successful Treatment known for all forms of Skin and Blood Diseases.

Under this powerful Treatment chronic Eczema is conquered, stubborn Psoriasis melts away, disfiguring face eruptions vanish; itching, irritable, unsightly skin troubles are rapidly cured. Do you wish to banish your skin trouble? Then suffer no longer. This famous method of Treatment exists to help you and to cure you. No matter how long you may have suffered; no matter how many Treatments have failed to help you; no matter what you may have tried, the Tremol Treatment is here to bring about your recovery and may save you years of misery.

Think what this great opportunity means to you! Freedom from skin trouble, with all its intolerable irritation, annoyance, discomfort, and disfigurement. Do not allow yourself to go on suffering perhaps for years and years, when a cure awaits you. There are reasons why Tremol will bring you relief.

IT IS YOUR OWN TREATMENT SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR YOU.

Tremol Treatment is a real Treatment. It is not a stock remedy. It is a complete Treatment, specially prepared for your own case. It is prescribed and suited exactly to your own needs. Thirty Years' Specialised skill and knowledge is put into your Treatment. Thirty Years' Practical experience is behind the treatment of your case. Practical help and advice backs you while under the Treatment. These are some of the many reasons why the Treatment is such a grand success.

READ THESE QUESTIONS

1. **Do you suffer from Psoriasis?**
2. **Have you Pimples or Blackheads on the face, chest or back?**
3. **Are there Eruptions or Matted Scales on the Scalp?**
4. **Is there dreadful Itchiness?**
5. **Have you Boils or Abscesses?**
6. **Is the skin red, inflamed or Eczematous?**
7. **Are the hands or feet affected?**
8. **Are there Eruptions on the Knees, Elbows, or Body?**
9. **Is there an open wound on your leg?**

If you suffer from any of these Skin Troubles, Tremol Treatment is

THE RIGHT TREATMENT FOR YOU.

Thousands of cases similar to the above have been cured. This is an opportunity not to be missed. It is just what you are looking for. The means of bringing about your definite recovery. The Treatment can be carried out in your own home with complete success and without neglecting your work for a single day.

TREMOL TREATMENT—

1. **IS A GREAT HOME TREATMENT.**
2. **NEEDS NO ABSENCE FROM WORK.**
3. **IS SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR YOUR CASE.**
4. **HAS 30 YEARS' PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE BEHIND IT.**
5. **TRIUMPHS WHEN OTHER TREATMENTS HAVE FAILED.**

Suffer no longer. Write to-day to **THE NATIONAL SKIN INSTITUTE, 208, GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER,** and a valuable publication with full particulars of this most successful Treatment will be sent to you free of all charge. This publication is of the greatest interest, and if you are a Sufferer, shows how to bring about your speedy and complete recovery. POST THE COUPON below to-day for the publication, and all particulars will be sent free of charge. If you prefer to do so, call for a free consultation.

FREE COUPON. Ward 5.C.
NATIONAL SKIN INSTITUTE, 208, GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.
Please send free of charge your valuable publication and full particulars of your Treatment for Skin Diseases.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

National College of Health, Ltd.

SIX *Dangerous* WOMEN

A CRIMINAL gang composed entirely of women members is something of a novelty. It can also be a decided menace, as is proved by the recent escapades of six skirted rogues who are now wanted all over the country.

The names in which they have passed lately are: Mary Johnson, Clara Squires, Jane Bennett, Florence Smith, Rosie Elliott and Ada Elliott.

But they nearly all have several aliases which they adopt whenever it suits their purpose.

Mary Johnson appears to be the ringleader, but they are all practised criminals and most of them have very bad records.

Their practice is to drive from town to town in a powerful motor-car, passing forged cheques and living generally by fraud.

* * *

Quite recently they descended upon Newcastle-upon-Tyne and established themselves in a large house, which they took furnished on a short lease.

Mary Johnson, in whose name the property was taken, was able to furnish references which seemed to be unimpeachable.

She frankly explained that she would be entertaining a party of women friends during her stay, so the appearance of her five devoted followers excited no suspicion.

It was generally thought that they were of independent means, for they set up house in great style

They did not stay on for the full term of their tenancy, however. When they had piled up credit on every hand and had cashed cheques in the district, they suddenly closed the house and drove away for some unknown destination

Then things began to grow lively. Almost immediately after the six fair tenants had departed their deserted home was besieged by anxious callers, whose number included several local tradespeople who had been favoured with lavish orders, but had been paid nothing at all.

When enquiries were made it transpired that the excellent references submitted so confidently by Miss Mary Johnson were all forgeries!

They have done this sort of thing everywhere, though sometimes, instead of taking a house, they put up in apartments or at a hotel.

In the latter event they are not above adding larceny to their crimes, and their departure is usually timed to take place after a profitable raid upon the rooms of fellow-guests.

Jewellery, or any small articles of value that can be conveniently carried away, constitutes their usual plunder.

A full list of the places they have visited in the course of their plundering tour would claim more space than can be spared, but Aberdeen, Southampton, Newark, Woking, Falmouth, Haddington and Dartford are among the towns in which victims are now to be found.

Even the smart car in which they drive from place to place was obtained by fraud, and countless garages have been defrauded for rent, petrol or accessories.

The fact that these six women crooks cling so closely together should simplify identification, and it is to be hoped that they will soon be safely lodged in six separate cells.

"JOHN BULL" Cheques for Flood Victims

The recent Floods—the worst in thirty years—have played havoc with our readers' belongings. The first batch of cheques has been dispatched. See page 28 for the full story.

The ONLY Paper to pay Storm and Flood Benefits.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 4/6/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 4/6/32.

CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*
Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

SAVE YOUR MONEY and enjoy good BEER

ALE or STOUT at 1D A PINT

The enjoyment and body-building benefits of good old English Beer need cost you little. Make it at Home from

VIGGORMALT
A Highly Concentrated Extract of RICH MALT & HOPS ONLY

Simply add water and the FREE YEAST (supplied with every tin) to make full-flavoured "Ginger" Beer —a 100 per cent. tonic food. Get your "Viggormalt" now from Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's, International Stores, Parkes, Martyns, Needhams, Squires, and all other progressive Chemists and Grocers.

State whether for Ale or Stout when ordering.	1/- Tin Makes..1 Gallon.
	2/6 Tin Makes..3 Gallons.
	5/6 Tin Makes..8 Gallons.
	8/- Tin Makes 13 Gallons.

Post free, U.K. (Canada and Foreign 1/- extra. If difficulty in obtaining send P.O.

VIGGORMALT LTD., Dept. 4H, Bevigdor-road, Hove, Sussex.

FREE NO MILLING MASHING BOILING or FILTERING YEAST

PILES!
PYLITNA BRAND PILE POWDERS
Take in warm water. 5/- per box (or 1/6, 2/6 and 10/-)

Guaranteed harmless to the system.

Pylitna Brand Powders are so effective that Injections and Surgical Operations are avoided.

Doctor (M.D., M.S.): "Best remedy for piles."
Doctor (M.D., etc.): "Pylitna is really wonderful."
Lady: "Pylitna powders have cured me."
Nurse: "I always recommend them."
Gentleman: "Pylitna has worked wonders."
Nurse: "Both powders and tablets most effective."

Pylitna Brand Powders 5/- and 2/9. Tablets and Ointment 5/- each.

Of all Chemists or direct (Postage 3d. extra) from
G. S. MUMFORD & SONS
(Pylitna Depot),
168, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1 (Dept. [illegible])

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures Rupture

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr C. E. Brooks. Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient

Free Information Coupon
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,
(4820), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(4820), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

Please write (plainly) .....

TWENTY RADIO SETS ADDED TO BIG FIRST!

IF you have no wireless in your home you may not realise the wealth of entertainment which floods the air each night—let JOHN BULL bring it home to you!

For this week only, in addition to an enormous First of £600, *Bullets* prizes include twenty luxurious £21 "Edison Bell" Radio Sets. Few people can afford to buy such perfect instruments—but anybody can spare half-an-hour for *Bullets*.

As you make up *Bullets* with the aid of the instructions below, remember that a few well-chosen words may bring JOHN BULL'S £600 telegram on June 24.

To make a *Bullet* first examine the *Examples* and jot down all the thoughts that they bring to your mind. Then proceed to concentrate each of these rough ideas into a neatly phrased *Bullet* of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS. Aim at an apt, clear and telling comment on the *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you take the *Example* GEM OF WISDOM; by adding the words PUNTER DISCOVERS "IN GUTTER" you would complete a *Bullet*.

Now spare a little time studying the clever phrasing of this week's winning efforts printed below. Then start making some good *Bullets* for this fine prize-list, making sure that they are entered by Saturday, June 11.

COMING SOON! The First Prize-winner in Bullets No. 855 will be allowed to choose between these SEVEN SENSATIONAL AWARDS—£6 a Week for Life; £5 Life Pension and £500; £4 Life Pension and £1,000; £3 Life Pension and £1,500; £2,000 and £2 Life Pension; £2,500 and £1 Life Pension; £3,000 cash.

"BULLETS" No. 849—1,250 GUINEAS FIRST PRIZE:

Mr. H. LAMBOURNE, 122, Pargeter Street, Walsall.

Example:—BACHELOR PRINCE
Bullet:—"SPORT" EVE *Hasn't* "CONQUERED."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. J. P. LINDSAY, 39, Kenilworth Avenue, Wishaw, N.B.
Example:—Uproar In The Nursery
Bullet:—Followed "Whispering" In Garden.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. H. WRAGG, 15, Moor Street, West Didsbury, Manchester.
Example:—Fruits Of Success
Bullet:—Those "On Toes" Reach.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

D. BIBBINGS, 203, Caerphilly Road, Whitchurch, Cardiff.
Careless Driver—Which Was?

W. HUTCHINGS, 1, Cecil Road, Exeter.
Way To Recover—Prosperity's "Armchair," "Skin" War-horse.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

F. A. JUPP, Royal Pavilion, Brighton.
The Worst Of It Is—Britain's "Cricket" Hitting Herself.

J. NORRY, 12, Cable Street, Manchester.
Independence—Few Hew Through To.

L. A. SPRACKLEN, 5, Damers Road, Dorchester, Dorset.
Careless Driver — "Maniac" Occupying Padded *Seat*.

R. TOWNSEND, 3, Marnock Road, Crofton Park, S.E.
Uproar In The Nursery—Recalled, Every "Great Silence."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

H. F. ANDREWS, "Ashleigh," Carnglass Road, Sketty, Swansea.
When Grundy Arrives—She Bares Her—Teeth!

G. ANGUS, 9, Bridge Street, Morpeth.
My Horse—Carries "Babs," Not "Bobs."

W. H. BICKLEY, 8, Great Bridge, Tipton, Staffs.
When Grundy Arrives—"Polishes" Spectacles—"Sweeps" Beach.

P. BURNS, 44, Tobago Street, Glasgow.
Like A Whirlwind—*Car* And *Dotty* One.

Mrs. A. E. CHARLES, "Glan-y-Nant," Tredegar, Mon.
Inquisitive Child—Don't Answer, "Don't Ask ——."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. B. EDWARDS, 99, Shaldon Drive, Littleover, Derby.
When Duty Calls—"Just Coming!" Is Shortcoming.

Mrs. J. HEADLEY, 8, Whitevale Street, Glasgow.
Bachelor Prince—Hasn't He "Risked" Enough?

H. MACAULAY, Jnr., Knowehead Maddiston, Falkirk, Stirlingshire.
Miserable Failure—Grandpa Won't Admit Yet!

S. SEEX, 96, Engadine Street, Southfields, London, S.W.
Drudgery—Sameness That Tests Gameness.

C. C. WRIGHT, 89, King's Road, Birmingham.
Annoys Dad—Sonny Interrupting "Children's Hour."

R. T. BUNT, La-Mellin, Llanteglos, Fowey.
To The Strong—The Battle—And Bill!

F. W. DAVIES, 694, Christchurch Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth.
From Nature—Gentle Breezes—Hard Blows.

M. DREW, 59, Woodland Road, Tylorstown, Glam.
Stops At Home—Not Spending—Knot's Pending.

G. T. HOPKINS, 2, Pandy Road, Aberkenfig, Glam.
When Duty Calls—Couldn't Summer Answer, Too?

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE
FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 13 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin* commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bullets" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

THREE BIG ATTRACTIONS NEXT WEEK £600 £200 BONUS 50 'BULLETS' SEASONS

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 853.

STANDING STILL	THE COUNTRY	MARKED MAN
HE'S GETTING ON, SO	ALL IN	FACING FACTS
FRIENDLY CHAP	SEETHING MOB	A WONDER
THE GOVERNMENT'S INNINGS	AWKWARD	THEIR CAR
AFTER THE MATCH	SAVED HER	BAD BARGAIN
GEM OF WISDOM	GENEROUS	LOOKING UP
BRIGHTER CRICKET	GREAT SPORT	HIS IDEA
COWARD'S WAY OUT	IN HER POWER	TAKING
ON THE SAXOPHONE	GIANT DESPAIR	WITH OPEN ARMS
BIT OF A MUDDLE	FORMERLY	PAT ON THE BACK
NOW DAD'S RICH	MOTOR BANDIT	

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(853) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. June 11.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(853) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. June 11.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(853) P.O. No
Closing SAT. June 11.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(853) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. June 11.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 853, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 853 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 848 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Lucas, 113, Peasley Cross Lane, St. Helens.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

A few years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX." "SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a skin food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and a Skin Preserver.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" prevents formations of wrinkles and lines and keeps away the ravages of time. Travellers, who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun or wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

"SHAVEX" will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as "SHAVEX" is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with "SHAVEX," as there is no soda in "SHAVEX" to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush. "SHAVEX" is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world.

Jack: Good heavens, man, aren't you ready yet? We are late already for dinner and may miss the speeches.
Reg: It's no use I can't go without a shave. I have not shaved for two days. my chin is too sore and shaving soap only makes it worse.

Jack: Good lord, you don't use the old brush and soap method! Send out at once for a tube of Shavex and your skin will feel soothed and you will shave in a couple of minutes. You will feel as fresh as a daisy and your skin will feel like satin and all the soreness will disappear.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere at

LARGE TUBE **1/-** DOUBLE QUANTITY *In Tube or Pot (lasts 4 months)* **1/6**

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

FOR LARGE 1/- OUTFIT Containing Three Weeks' Supply of SHAVEX, SHAVEX RAZOR and TWO BLADES. All compact in a neat case. Splendid for the Holidays, 1/-.

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 1/- Postal Order to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils—

These are the wholesale prices of some of the materials used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare these prices to Almond Oil, which is 3/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs 4d. per lb.
OLIVE OIL
costs 7d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL
costs 3/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

SALOME.

***SALOME** was the beautiful daughter of Herodias. She married her father's brother Philip, the Tetrarch, son of Herod the Great, by Cleopatra. She charmed Herod by her wonderful dancing and her glorious figure. He promised her anything she desired and she asked for the head of John the Baptist. She was known for her glorious complexion and her beautiful skin. The Oils we use in Zee-Kol Soap to-day were used in the East in those days. Cleopatra and Salome both covered their bodies with oil to keep their skins supple and youthful. Oils in soap were used in those days as they are in the Zee-Kol Soap to-day.*

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D

Obtainable from All Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19

THE NEW MARVELLOUS
COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe.

We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, vanishing creams only dry up the skin, but Doge Cream keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

HELEN OF TROY.

Helen of Troy, the toy of fate, was a great beauty, and was the cause of great battles being fought for her. King of Sparta, her husband, thought his life well lost to regain his lost love.

"Paris, whose beauty and great deeds in War, had succumbed to her loveliness. The Poet Homer quotes her face with its classical beauty, without a flaw, "as the sun gleams behind the petals of the white rose."

DOGE CREAM

Per Pot - - 1/-
Large Pot - 2/-
Large Tube 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM.

Cut out this coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. De.6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

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